

WHOLE NUMBER 8,797.

Mr. Ray Peckham of Newport gave a dance at Oakland Hall Wednesday evening which was largely attended. Mr. Peckham has arranged for another dance next Wednesday evening. Last year he arranged a series of dances which attracted many dancers from the nearby towns.

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS by C.D. RHODES

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CHAPTER XV.

I Choose Death.

I knew the town well, and few changes had occurred since last I walked those streets hand in hand with my father. It had not grown any larger, and thus far the war had wrought little damage. The most of life in the sleepy old town centered about the Frost hotel, a three-story wooden structure, where the officers of the garrison lodged, and the courthouse, a dignified edifice of red brick, a block beyond, where in other days my father presided on the bench, now completely surrounded by a military camp. There were more Federal soldiers here than I had expected to see, but a remark exchanged between two of my guard informed me that most of these had arrived during the night—a regiment of Ohio troops, and a battery of light artillery, destined to assist in a contemplated attack on Covington.

The head of our little column halted in front of the hotel, but Whitlock shouted a command to the sergeant, and we rode on past, the guard closing up tightly. I kept my face straight ahead, determined to make no sign, but, nevertheless, I had a glimpse of Noreen, standing at her horse's head, and, for an instant, I felt certain her eyes were resting on me. Then Raymond spoke to her, touching her sleeve familiarly with his hand to attract attention, and she smiled up into his face, as if in answer to some witty remark. This was the last glimpse I had as we clattered on down the street.

At the courthouse steps the sergeant turned me over to the officer of the day, and I was marched into the basement. The old jail had evidently been burned, for I could see the roof had fallen in, and the stone walls were blackened with smoke, but the lower story of the courthouse was battle enough, the windows barred, the walls strong and thick. The place in which they thrust me had at one time protected the county records, was perhaps nine feet square, with one narrow window high up in the wall, and an iron door. The floor and walls were of stone, and the ceiling beyond reach. A soldier threw in a box, to be utilized as a seat, together with a couple of blankets.

"There, Johnny," he said carelessly, "I guess you'll stay here till you're wanted. There'll be some grub along after awhile."

The iron door closed behind him, and I heard the sharp click of a heavy lock, then regular steps passing back and forth across the stone floor, proof that a sentinel had been posted. There seemed little need of one as I sat down on the box and stared disconsolately about. The window afforded ample light, but no hope of escape. The shelves on which had once reposed the records of Oregon briar county were of iron, as a safeguard against fire, with a sheet of iron at their back, concealing the wall behind. My heart gave a sudden leap. As a boy I had played about this building, invading every nook and corner. I could even recall when those shelves were first installed, and I had sat almost where I was sitting then, and watched the workmen bolt them into their present position. It was before my father bought the place out on the ridge, and we were living only a block down the street. These shelves rested against the big chimney, and there was an opening leading into it, across which they had nailed a tin protector before they fastened the iron to the wall.

If I could once get to behind that iron plate the way out would not be such a hard or difficult one to travel.



I Gave Small Head to the Glimpse of Satisfaction He Gave Me.

The chimney was large; I recalled standing upright in the fireplace on the floor above, and looking up to where I could perceive the light of the sky. It was constructed of irregular bits of stone, which would afford lodgment for the feet, and grip for the hands in climbing—no easy job, of course, but not impossible for one reckless enough to make the attempt.

But how could I hope to pry loose that protecting sheet of iron? Where could I discover a tool to give me the necessary leverage to dislodge those bolts? Could one of those supports be unscrewed or twisted off? If so,

it might prove strong enough for the purpose. I stepped hastily across, and tested two of them with my hands, but found both these firm and immovable. I dare not exercise much force in fear the noise might be overheard, and besides it was time the fatter brought me some food. So I went back to my seat on the box, and waited, my eyes on the iron, and my mind eagerly working on some plan which seemed feasible. I had a half dozen keys in my pocket, and a broken cartridge shell in my belt—nothing else available. The searchers had stripped me clean. A careful survey of the floor revealed only a twisted nail, but there was something caught in the iron bars of the window; from where I sat it looked like the half of a broken horseshoe. I got up to see, but quickly sat down again—there was someone at the door.

It opened, and a soldier stood aside while two men entered. One was Fox, the other a heavy-set, gray mustached officer, in the uniform of a colonel of infantry. The captain greeted me gravely, and extended his hand.

"I would far rather meet you as I did before," he said, "but war gives us no choice."

"I took my chances and have no complaint," I answered heartily, for I liked the man. "I presume there is no doubt as to my fate?"

"I fear not, but the matter is not in my hands, for which I am grateful. This is Colonel Pickney, in command."

I bowed, and our eyes met. The face confronting me was strong and resolute, its expression that of regret.

"A very young man, Captain Fox," he said to his companion, "which fact adds to the unpleasantness of such duty. Your name is Wyatt?"

"Yes, sir."

"You claim connection with the Confederate service—an officer?"

"A sergeant of artillery, sir."

He cleared his throat impressively.

"You have the appearance of an intelligent man, Sergeant Wyatt, and must realize the seriousness of your position. I am sure I need not dwell upon the fate which befalls a spy when captured by the enemy. In your case there seems to be no defense possible—you wear Federal uniform; were within our lines, and papers have been found on you of a most incriminating character. It is my understanding you make no denial."

"None, whatever, sir; it would be useless."

There is always a way in which mercy can be extended," he went on earnestly. "Doubtless you possess information which would be of the utmost value to us. I shall gladly use my influence on your behalf if the circumstances warrant."

I glanced aside at Fox, and caught the look of appeal in his face; then back into the expectant eyes of the colonel.

"You have authority to make me this proposition?" I asked quietly.

"I am in command of this camp, and pledge you my influence with General Ramsey."

I stood motionless a moment, endeavoring to straighten the matter out in my mind. When I spoke it was as briefly as possible.

"I can only thank you, Colonel Pickney, and respectfully decline. I will not answer your questions, sir."

Fox gripped my arm, and as I glanced at him, I was surprised to see a mist of tears in his eyes.

"Wyatt," he exclaimed, making no pretense at calmness, "do not be hasty in your decision. I would not counsel you to any act of dishonor, but surely some compromise is possible. I not only ask you to consider the situation from your own standpoint, but also from ours. I accompanied Colonel Pickney in the hope I might have some influence." He hesitated an instant, as though doubtful of his words. "Perhaps I should say, my boy, that another urged me to come."

"Another?"

"Yes—a lady."

My head swam, my heart beating like a triphammer.

"Do—do you mean, Captain Fox, that she actually asked you to urge me to save myself by such an act?"

"No, Wyatt; not that. She requested me to accompany Colonel Pickney, and do all I could on your behalf."

I drew a long breath of relief, my mind clearing, my resolve strengthened. She did care then! God knew I was glad; and she had not urged me to an act of dishonor. And I knew, I understood—she wished me to realize that she was not indifferent to my fate, that her interest was not dead; and she had sent the message to me by the only man she could trust to rightly deliver it. My heart lightened, and my lips smiled.

"I thank you for your message, Captain Fox," I said sincerely, clasping his hand. "Tell her how glad it made me. But it cannot change my decision; I will answer no questions."

"This is your final reply, sergeant?" the colonel's voice had hardened; his eyes had lost their friendliness. "Good day, sir."

The door opened to the rap of his knuckles, and the two men passed out, neither one glancing back at me. The sentry asked a question, and I heard Pickney answer:

"Yes, set the food within, but let no one communicate with the prisoner except on my written order. I will have another sentry posted above."

A soldier entered, bearing a camp ration and a panikin of water, and

placed these on the box. He said nothing, and the colonel stood beside the door watching until I was left alone. I put the food on the floor untouched and sat down on the box. I wanted to live; I was young, ambitious, and I loved that girl. I realized this truth clearly, and it became the one conscious incentive to effort. Her face arose before me, and I felt that her message was meant for my encouragement. She wanted me to live; wished me to know that she was not indifferent; trusted me to accomplish all that a man could. And I must act now, if at all.

I ate the food, not from any sense of hunger, but because I needed it to keep up my strength. I was alone, unwatched; there was no place where an eye could peer in on my movements. I dragged the box over to the window, stood on it, and managed to dislodge the bit of iron entangled in the grating. It proved to be part of a discarded horseshoe, hung there carelessly by some farrier and contained three thin-headed nails. With difficulty I loosened one of these and fitted the sharp edge into a screwhead of a shelf bracket. The nail afforded little purchase, and I tried three of the screws before finding one loose enough to turn. By this time my fingers were numb and bleeding, yet the final success set my heart throbbing with exultation.

The removal of the screw, which by chance was the lower one, enabled me to insert the remnant of horseshoe beneath the bracket iron. Slowly,



So I Went Back to My Seat on the Box.

fearful of creating alarm, the improvised lever wrenched the bracket free, until I was enabled to get firm grip on it with my hands. With foot braced, and every muscle strained, I worked that bit of iron back and forth, tearing it free, until I knew that another wrench would separate it entirely from its fastenings. Then I forced it back into place again, pressed down the loosened screws, carefully gathered together the slight debris littering the floor, and cast it into a dark corner. The bracket seemed as solid as ever. Now I must wait for night.

CHAPTER XVI.

Under Death Sentence.

It was dreary waiting, for every unusual sound reaching me brought with it a throbbing fear. That my fate was already practically settled I knew, but how long the delay might be remained a problem. Fox, I felt convinced, would use whatever influence he possessed to delay action, and there was a faint hope in my mind also that Noreen might even make a plea to higher authorities to my behalf. I dare not believe she would, but the vague dream of such a thing recurred again and again to my mind.

To learn all I could I dragged the box to a position below the window, and standing on it, managed to gain a narrow glimpse without, the vista revealing a flap of dirty tent cloth and part of an army wagon backed up against the building, leaving barely enough space for the guard to pace back and forth the length of his beat. I could see his blue-clad legs, with the white stripes, cross and recross in front of me. I tested the strength of the iron grating with my hands, but the bars were firmly imbedded and immovable.

The sun must have been well down in the west when Fox returned. I had been expecting him, trusting to his friendly interest, and with a fleeting hope that Noreen might commission him to bring me some further message. Yet the moment I looked into his face, shadowed by the fading light, I realized that he brought no encouraging news. My heart sank, but I kept a smile on my lips.

"I expected to be out of here before now," I said meaningly; "yet I judge from your expression there is no reprieve."

"And no hope of one, Wyatt," he answered regretfully. "The evidence against you is too strong. The delay in convening a court has been caused by the scarcity of officers in camp. Our forage trains are just beginning to return, but it is now so late that Colonel Pickney has decided to hold you prisoner until morning. I waited until the order was issued before coming here. The court-martial is set for eight o'clock."

"I am thankful for even that delay. There is, I presume no doubt as to the result?"

"None, so far as I can learn. You are a soldier, Wyatt, and may as well face the truth. I have urged mercy on Colonel Pickney, until he finally ordered me to drop the subject. He is a strict disciplinarian, a bit of a martinet, indeed, and inclined to take the advice of a regular army officer on such matters, rather than rely on volunteers. Has Raymond any special reason to dislike you?"

"Only that I impersonated him in this manœuvre."

"But that was mere chance, the selection of his name from the army list. The fellow is naturally vindictive enough, but surely could not harbor personal dislike over so small a matter." He paused hesitatingly, as though doubtful of the propriety of pressing an inquiry. "I trust you will pardon me, Wyatt, but I have wondered if there was not some trouble existing between you relative to the friendship of Miss Harwood."

"That would appear impossible," I replied, somewhat surprised, "for my being with her was entirely accidental."

"Yes, so she insists; but I know Raymond is deeply interested in the girl. Someone told me he actually proposed to her at West Point, and sought this detail in hope of meeting her again. The occurrence which aroused my suspicion that he felt a personal grudge against you was this—I know he promised her to use his influence to have you sent to Charleston for trial, but instead he urged Colonel Pickney to exercise his own authority. I chanced to be in the next room, and overheard. I have not seen the young lady since."

My mind worked rapidly. That Raymond was treacherous was probably true; Noreen had treated him with marked coldness. There could be no great degree of intimacy between them, or she would have chosen him in this emergency rather than Captain Fox. But she had revealed to neither officer the fact of our marriage; it was not so much as suspected.

"How is it, Wyatt?" Fox asked, as I failed to speak. "Should Miss Harwood be informed of the Lieutenant's action?"

"By no means, captain. I doubt if she really trusted the fellow even when she made him a messenger."

"So do I, for later she went herself." "To Colonel Pickney?"

"Yes, an hour ago, after Raymond returned with his report. I was at the hotel, and saw her slip out the side door. Colonel Pickney has headquarters in the big stone house opposite the courtyard, and I had the curiosity to watch. She was inside nearly half an hour, and returned by way of the side street. Then she sent for me."

"She told you the result of her interview?"

"It was not even mentioned, but I knew she had met with no success. She seemed distressed, but was anxious that you should know at once the seriousness of your position, and the only hope of escape offered you."

My heart was beating fiercely at this direct evidence of her interest in my affairs. She had even humbled herself to beg for me a chance; perhaps, to Colonel Pickney she had even confessed the truth in hope of changing his decision. But the effort had proved useless; he had named terms, which she evidently considered unworthy.

"What hope?" I asked coldly. "You mean the terms offered me before?"

He bowed gravely, but without speaking.

"And did Miss Harwood request you to urge my acceptance?"

"By no means. Her purpose was to acquaint you with the conditions, to relieve your suspense, and permit you to realize her friendliness. I was to tell you this frankly, but not to urge any decision upon you."

"And I thank you, Captain Fox, and beg you to express to her my appreciation of her kind loyalty. My life is at small account in this struggle, and its preservation would be no excuse for treachery."

Fox grasped my hand firmly in both of his own.

"I am glad of your decision, Wyatt," he said earnestly. "I had no doubt of what it would be; nor do I think he had. Is there anything I can do for your comfort I can add?"

"Only one; I would ask of Miss Harwood a single favor. It is that she write my mother the conditions of my death—a woman can do that best."

"I can promise you it shall be done. I sincerely wish, Wyatt, we had met under less favorable circumstances. This is a sad ending to what might have been a lasting friendship; I confess I have learned to like you, my boy."

"And you, Captain Fox," I responded earnestly, feeling deeply his friendliness. "And," in spite of every effort at control my voice faltered, "you will tell Miss Harwood how much her message of kindness meant to me."

"I certainly will, my lad—is that all? It may not be possible for me to come again."

"There is nothing else; Jackson will learn the truth through other sources—good-by, and may God guard you."

"Good-by."

Our hands clung, our eyes met, and then he turned away, without venturing to glance back; the door closed behind him, and I stood staring at it through blurred vision. I was still standing there motionless when the iron barrier opened a few inches, and the hand of a soldier pushed a tin containing food along the floor.

"Here's your supper, Johnny," growled a voice indistinctly, "and I guess you won't be bothered any more tonight."

I sat on the box, and choked down what food I could, endeavoring to drive away the feeling of depression in which Fox had left me. I needed now strength and courage to front the one chance left.

CHAPTER XVII.

The One Path of Escape.

There was absolutely nothing for me to do but wait, but it was hard to judge time. The noise of the camp without was some guide, but, as the evening lengthened, a band began playing overhead, and I could hear the sound of feet on the floor above. Evidently a dance was in progress in the big courtroom, and for the moment my heart seemed to stop beating in a sudden fear that my plan of escape for that night was blocked.

It was the big fireplace opening into this room through which I had hoped to emerge, but I could never accomplish such hope amidst those dancers.

And they might keep up their dancing to so late an hour as to give me no opportunity before dawn to find a place in which to elude search. Yet the noise was in my favor. If I could only be assured the chimney was wide enough above to permit of my finally reaching the roof. Once there I would discover a way down. The grim incongruity of that merry party above, dancing and laughing in the bright light, and of myself in that black cell below, waiting the certainty of death the next morning, served to steel my resolve.

I could hear nothing of the guard in the corridor, although I listened intently, my ear against the iron door, during a lull in that babel overhead. It was hardly likely another inspection would be made, at least not until the sentries were again relieved, probably at midnight. To my judgment this would allow me nearly three hours in which to make my effort—and surely half that time should prove sufficient. The band burst into harmony again—a polka, I remember—and I tore free the loosened support. It made an ugly bit of iron, well adapted for the purpose I had in mind. Not only could it be utilized as a lever, but it was no mean weapon for use in emergency.

It must have required fifteen or twenty minutes to break the iron sheathing edge loose so as to insert the point of my wedge. The bar, once inserted, furnished the necessary leverage, forcing the iron to yield about the rivet heads. I waited between the dances, recruiting strained muscles, and listening anxiously for any alarming sound in the corridor, only to spring again feverishly to the work the moment the band resumed playing.

The barrier yielded inch by inch, until I forced fully half the iron curtain backward, jamming it against the wall, and thus revealed the black opening into the chimney. The opening which I had uncovered was sufficiently large to permit the squeezing through of my body, and, save within the chimney, I found ample space in which to explore.

I could see nothing, and was compelled to rely entirely upon the sense of touch. Iron bars had been left on one side the chimney, forming an irregular ladder. My groping hands located these, and by their aid I began to climb slowly upward. At the level of the first story I came upon a projection of rock, possibly six or eight inches wide, on which I found secure foothold, and was thus able to regain breath and strength for a renewal of the struggle. I was crouched opposite the old-time fireplace, and the band, playing noisily, was within a very few feet of where I hid. However, not a gleam of light was visible, and it was some time before I located the opening which had been left for a stove-pipe. Even then I could feel no pipe, but, as I extended my arm, a finger burst through the paper which had been pasted across the entrance, and a glow of radiance illumined the black walls about me.

I waited, motionless, holding my breath in fear that some eye might have witnessed the tearing of the paper; but there was no cessation of noise, no evidence of discovery. Assailed by a temptation to view the scene, I found foothold a little higher.

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which I assisted, and was assigned to the job of strutting the papers frequently with an iron poker. I thought it fun, and the chimney funnel was a big one. Possibly it was there still, but could I succeed in getting up that far? The light shining through the broken paper permitted a faint glimpse of my immediate surroundings, yet revealed little to encourage me. The chimney was barely large enough to admit the upward passage of my body, and was a black mystery. However, the irregularity of the stones promised finger and foot hold. It offered a chance, a hope—and I could ask no more.

I was climbing before the music ceased, clinging desperately to every slight projection, and bracing myself against the walls. Progress was slow, and occasionally painful; the contracted space gave me a feeling of suffocation, and I dislodged enough soot so I was compelled to struggle constantly to refrain from coughing. My only relief was to bind a handkerchief across mouth and nostrils.

While the music remained silent, I rested, fearful lest my struggles would be overheard, taking such meager comfort as I could. The first blast of the horns started me off once more, careless in the midst of so much noise as to whether I rattled the loosened plaster, or even dislodged an ill-secured stone. But at the best the passage was made by inches, and I took more than one desperate chance of slipping; twice I clung breathless as the music ceased, but the second time I felt convinced I had attained to the level of the upper floor.

With the next burst of melody from below, now somewhat mellowed by distance and the intervening walls, I made another attempt to ascend, but had scarcely attained more than a foot or two when my right hand plunged into a wide opening. Clinging as best I could to a precarious foothold, I ran my arm deeper in until I came in contact with a tin covering, which fell rather noisily to the floor. I paused, startled at the sound, but no gleam of light came through the opening, and I instantly realized that the attic was unoccupied. The rattle of the tin would, in all probability, create no alarm because of the din below.

I knew now exactly where I was, the only immediate problem being my ability to squeeze through that narrow space. The old-time burner had evidently been removed. I wriggled my way in head first. My knees were doubled up in the chimney, and my feet found solid purchase against the stones. I felt as though the very skin was being peeled off me, but I shut forward, my head and shoulders emerging into the open. Heavens! what a relief! I drew a long breath, laughing over the floor, unable to reach any support; then kicked and struggled until I fell out headlong, and lay too exhausted once to move.

It was so still I could plainly hear the swift beating of my heart, and so dark that not an object was discernible. The music below had ceased, and, as I was now on the opposite side of the building, the sound of conversation and movement did not reach me. For a long moment I lay there endeavoring to recall the surroundings, but I dare not waste much time in such idleness. The night was slipping away, and every instant gained was to my advantage. There was no safety until I was out of this building. I ached from head to foot, my clothes must be in rags, and, no doubt, I was as black as a negro from chimney soot. Yet my heart beat high with hope, and the spirit of adventure gripped me.

The stairs were somewhat to the right, unprotected by even a handrail; I crept toward them across the rough board floor, fearing a fall, and finally, located the opening. Nothing indicated that the room below was occupied, and I slipped down as silently as possible, although the steps creaked under my weight. Once in the sheriff's room, some recollection of its form and furnishing recurred to mind. My memory served by the dim reflection of a campfire without, which rendered objects faintly visible, I could distinguish the desk and a few round-backed wooden chairs pushed against the wall. There was a door to the left, standing ajar, leading into a wash-room, and I ventured within, feeling about to assure myself if there had been any water left. I found a bucket nearly full, and two bars of soap, and unable to resist the luxury, I stripped off my ragged uniform coat, and began vigorous scrubbing. How thorough a job I made of it I cannot tell, but the soap lathered freely, and I certainly did my best, using up an entire roller towel in the final effort to attain cleanliness.

There was a coat and hat hanging on the hooks, neither article of the highest respectability I judged from feeling them, but more to my purpose than the rags I had cast aside, and I donned the two gladly, finding them no bad fit. The hat was looped up with a star. Feeling quite myself again in these new habiliments, and conscious of a clean face, I stole across the sheriff's deserted office, seeking the door into the corridor. I found it, but it was locked. Failing to force this, I tried the windows, only to discover them securely barred. All these offices were connected together, that of the county clerk adjoining the sheriff's, and possibly I might find a door unlocked somewhere; at least none of the other windows would be ignored.

I listened at the door leading into the clerk's room, but heard no sound. There was no lock on the door, and it opened silently to the pressure of my hand. A flood of light swept into my eyes, and I stood blinking blindly, too surprised and startled to draw instantly back. There were two men in the room, one bending over a desk, the other leaning back against the wall directly facing me. The latter was Lieutenant Raymond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Fox Grasped My Hand Firmly in Both His Own.

Established by Franklin in 1784.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Home Telephone

Saturday, February 3, 1916

Rhode Island is having altogether too many murders for its good name.

The Mohr trial still occupies most of the space in the Providence papers.

President Wilson's present conduct and speeches make it plain he will leave nothing undone as far as he can accomplish it, to gain a renomination and a re-election.

Bryan starts on the Wilson trail on February 15th. Several Democratic representatives are also preparing to take the stump against the President's plan. Altogether it cannot be said that the Democracy is a united family just now.

In all probability the temporary chairman of the next Republican Convention will be Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. The temporary chairman sounds the key of the convention. No man can do it better than the Massachusetts Senator.

The members of the Ford peace expedition have returned home. They have fought their fight for peace and relief, and still the war goes on. This whole scheme was one of the grandest farces that has been set on foot in many moons.

It cost \$111,473 to conduct the election in Massachusetts this fall, which might be called a rather expensive luxury. The increase over last year is \$132,707. The men are ungrateful enough to attribute this increase to the Women's suffrage movement.

The President's appointment of Brandeis, last resident of Massachusetts, to the Supreme Court bench, is meeting with strong opposition. The fight in the Senate against the confirmation will be a bitter one. If one-half the statements about Brandeis are true his appointment is manifestly an unfit one.

President Wilson has served notice that there is to be no public buildings bill at this session of Congress and that expenditures on account of rivers and harbors must be held down to the lowest possible figures. The President is a man with one idea and his present idea is preparedness which is all right in its way, but there are other things to be considered.

The receiver of the Atlantic National Bank of Providence, which failed some two years ago, now makes a demand on the directors for \$800,000, the amount he claims was lost by bad investments. Lawyer Brandeis, the President's appointee to the Supreme Court, is the attorney for the receiver. It would seem that the directorship of a National bank carries with it dangers as well as honors.

The Democratic party throughout the country is not a happy family just now. Most of the leaders in Congress, including Speaker Clark, Representative Kitchen, Vice President Marshall, are either openly or silently opposed to Wilson's scheme of preparedness, and many of his other plans, such as a tariff commission and many other matters which a year ago he himself repudiated. The Democratic lack of wise leaders was never more apparent than it is today.

The department of commerce after spending hundreds of dollars and many weeks investigating an alleged German wireless station near Portland, Me., has discovered that it is an American station erected under the supervision of navy experts, to receive messages so that all sending of messages might be done at Tuckerton, N. J. British embassy spent \$2000 in the probe. This is one of the many wild cat investigations instigated by the anti-German papers in this section of the country.

The Providence Voters League, so-called, is out with its semi-national trade against the General Assembly and the Republican party of the State generally. The league claims to be "strictly non partisan" and yet both its president and secretary are men who never vote the Republican ticket. It faintly commends the Governor's message but vigorously condemns him for reappointing to offices, they have filled successfully, members of the General Assembly, and ignores the fact that before the appointment these men pledged themselves not to be candidates again for the General Assembly. It condemns the Assembly because it has not done more business and commends the Massachusetts legislature because there all business must be introduced before the second Saturday of the session. The league is compelled to admit that this does not shorten the session, as the Massachusetts general court is in session twice as long as our General Assembly. It must be acknowledged that there is great dilatoriness in introducing new business in the Assembly, but that is not wholly the fault of the Assembly. People and municipalities that have acts they desire passed do not bring them in early in the session. Towards the end of sixty days business comes in in bunches, and the public in many instances would be dissatisfied if their measures were not acted upon.

There are many things that might be improved in our method of making and passing laws, and the caliber of the members who make up our law making body might be improved but we do not think the wholesale condemnation of the league is called for.

The Republican Nominee.

There are sincerity and truth in the statement of Chairman Hillis of the Republican National Committee that the Republican candidate "will be born in the convention." Over half the delegates will be chosen in primaries. Some will be under instructions, while others will not. But no candidate will have enough instructed delegates to be a great factor in the convention. There is one presidential possibility first in the talk of Republicans wherever they assemble, Associate Justice Hughes. But he has withdrawn his name from the primary ballot in Nebraska and will probably withdraw in every other state in which it may be brought forward. It is possible that Justice Hughes will be nominated, but if he accepts it, the nomination will have to be tendered him with practical unanimity.

The presidential primary is ill adapted to such a situation as exists in the Republican party, with no outstanding avowed candidate for the nomination. There will be something perfunctory in the endorsement of favorite sons. Some are even suspected of having no greater hope than second place on the ticket. Great care should be taken in the selection of delegates. The ablest and most devoted Republicans should be sent to the national convention.

Rhode Island has no Presidential primary to contend with, and in all probability an uninstructed delegation will be sent to the National Convention. The preference of the Republicans of this state is undoubtedly for Justice Hughes and while he will not be an active candidate there is not much doubt but that he will accept a nomination tendered him unanimously.

General Assembly.

The Legislature is still moving slowly, and the daily sessions have been very short, with little business in either body. The annual appropriation bill has made its appearance in the House, and will probably be reported back very promptly by the committee on finance, as that committee had been over the bill very thoroughly before it was introduced. The total appropriations are considerably larger than last year.

The tax measures are meeting with considerable opposition. The bill providing for an inheritance tax was made a special order for Friday in the House and it was expected to pass after some discussion. The other portions of the tax act amendments have not yet been reported by the committee.

Another woman's suffrage bill has made its appearance in the Senate, allowing women to vote for presidential electors.

The Providence papers are all still fighting the three cents increase in the State tax for the benefit of the roads of the State. They are taking, as is also the City Council of that city, a regular "dog in the manger" position in regard to this matter. They want the rest of the State to build and repair the roads, and then the people of that city get the benefit of them, for no part of the State is more benefited. The Providence Tribune, which was the loudest shout for the act, now takes occasion to condemn the tax act of 1912. It says:

By the Tax Act of 1912 the towns and cities, particularly the city of Providence, were required to surrender to the State the right previously possessed and to some extent, at least, exercised, to tax large amounts of intangible personal property in the form of corporation stocks, thereby losing revenue some of which was, to be sure, only possible but some of which was actual. To compensate for this loss the tax payable by the cities and towns to the state was reduced one-half and the promise was held out that the other half would be taken off in the near future. Therefore to reimpose now any portion of that removed half would be, in effect, the breaking of a contract.

We quite agree with that paper that the tax act of 1912 was and is an unjust act. We did not approve it when passed and we do not approve of it now. The reduction of the State tax at that time was simply a sop sent out to get the members of the General Assembly to vote for the Bliss tax bill. We stated then, as we have many times since, that it was only a question of a very short time when the rate would be put back to the old figure. There is no reason why one class of property should not pay the same tax as any other property. Providence has suffered less by the act than any other part of the State, much less in fact than Newport, for under this law our tax rate, and also the valuation has been raised every year since its passage. Today Newport's valuation is fully one fifth that of Providence, while her population is less than one tenth that of that city. Newport is the city to kick, if any. But good roads are an absolute necessity to all parts of the State and the money with which to make and repair them must be raised by taxation. The three cents tax increase for a short term of years should be passed.

The country is rapidly coming to the conclusion that our navy is not what it should be either in ships or men. The fleet now preparing for maneuvers in Southern waters is short, according to the best authority, one thousand men, and the fleet has been constantly depreciating since the present administration took command. On the Pacific Coast we have no fleet worthy of the name. The few ships composing it are old and not in the best repair or carrying the most effective armament. In short it is high time that we commenced to build a navy that shall carry with it the conviction that it can cope with the foreign navies that we know not how soon we will be called upon to meet.

There has been considerable diphtheria in the city during the past few weeks.

Fifty Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of February 7, 1861.)

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

The mysterious disappearance of Mr. Isaiah Smith, of Middletown, has caused a deal of unhappiness to his relatives and friends. He had recently concluded a bargain with his brother-in-law, Mr. Joshua C. Brown, to conduct his farm while he made a journey to California and Nevada Territory, and was about to visit Brighton to purchase some stock. On Tuesday of last week, Mr. Smith drew \$300 of a deposit of \$650 that he had in the Savings Bank, and Wednesday evening visited Anderson's barber saloon, where he was shaved and had his hair cut. Since that time nothing has been heard from him. When he was first missed it was feared that he had been foolishly dealt with by two men who had formerly been soldiers and were on the island in quest of an intimate friend of his, who at one time was employed in procuring recruits for Middletown, who the men contended had caused their assignment to the Middletown quota instead of Providence, whereby they were allowed less bounty than they anticipated. The swamps were searched and every effort was made to find his body, but on Saturday, when it was ascertained that he had been in the city the Wednesday evening previous, matters assumed a new phase, and it is now generally supposed that he had some secret cause for absconding himself from home. We hope this supposition will prove correct.

ACCIDENTS FROM ICE.

The weather the past four weeks has not only caused a great deal of suffering among the poor, but we have heard of a number of accidents caused by the snow or ice. Mrs. William P. Brier was last week knocked down by a horse attached to a sled, and severely injured by the teeth of her comb being driven into her head. Mr. Nathaniel Simmons, while at work a few days since, fell upon the ice and dislocated his shoulder. Dr. S. West replaced the limb and he is now slowly recovering. On Wednesday, the youngest child of Captain James W. Lyon fell upon the ice and broke both bones of the right arm, just above the wrist. Thursday, while several boys were sledding down Bowers and Young streets, coming at full speed and no chance of stopping their headway, they came in contact with a horse passing through Spring street, and threw the animal off his legs and over upon them, severely injuring John Smith, Jr. (who resides at the blocks), on the head and ankle. It is said that the driver of the team, which consisted of a pair of oxen and a horse, was asked to stop until a sled passed, but peremptorily refused. If such is the case, he should be made to suffer for his stubbornness.

The following officers of Aquidneck Encampment, No. 5, I. O. of E. F. were installed Thursday evening: Gordon Anderson, P. C.; Benjamin U. Carr, H. P.; William Beattie, S. W.; J. Perry Clarke, J. W.; Linley M. Cobb, Scribe; Gottlieb Spangler, Sentinel.

Twenty-Five Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of February 7, 1891.)

THE STREET RAILWAY HEARING.

The public hearing on the Newport Improvement Association's petition for the removal of the street car rails from Bath road, given at the Newport Opera House Saturday afternoon, attracted a fair-sized audience, which included several ladies. Aldermen Cottrell and Pike, and Councilmen Boyle and Gash, of the committee, occupied seats on the stage and were addressed by the several speakers for and against the petition from the floor of the house. Chairman Cottrell presided.

Colonel Samuel R. Honey, counsel for the petitioners, was the first speaker, and occupied about an hour and a half. His principal point was an alleged verbal agreement between himself and Mr. Julien T. Davies, on the part of the Improvement Association, and President A. C. Titus and Director Griffin, on the part of the railroad company, whereby the rails were to be removed from Bath road, which agreement he claimed had been broken.

Judge Darius Baker, counsel for the railroad company, followed Col. Honey. He made a general denial of the statement that the company had entered into any agreement as stated by the previous speaker. He admitted that the parties named had been in conference with a view to arriving at some arrangement which might harmonize matters, but that no agreement was reached. The point of his argument was that the city council had nothing to do with settling disagreements or misunderstandings that might exist between the company and the association, and that to ask that the rails be ordered up because of an alleged breach between these two parties was preposterous.

Mr. Julien T. Davies, of counsel for the Improvement Association, Mr. A. C. Titus, president of the railroad, and Mr. A. B. Almon, also spoke. At the conclusion of the hearing the committee adjourned until evening, when they met at the City Hall and voted to recommend to the city council to give the petitioners leave to withdraw, which recommendation was adopted by the council at Tuesday evening's session.

The marriage of Mr. Paul Andrews, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Andrews of Newport and Boston, and Miss Ethel Hysan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Janney of Baltimore, was a society event in Washington Tuesday evening. The ceremony was performed in the large saloon of the Arlington.

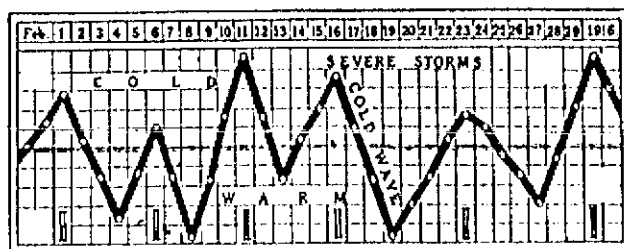
Mr. C. E. Morrison, late superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church, who is about to remove to Joliet, Ill., was given a farewell entertainment Monday evening by a number of his church friends.

The tern schooner John H. Buttrick, being built at Newburyport, Mass., for the Reynolds Line at this port, will be launched next week.

There is a great demand in London for books about Abraham Lincoln and never has there been such widespread study of his life in England as a result of constant references to acts of his Administration during the Civil War. Englishmen cannot do better than read upon American history exemplified by Abraham Lincoln.

A strict investigation is being made by the authorities of the rumor that some cases of hog cholera had been discovered in some of the towns of Newport County.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



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February will average colder than usual. Precipitation will be generally excessive. Heavy rains south and snows north. Probably not so much rain in middle southwest and not so much snow in midlle northwest. Severe storms, cold wave and blizzard during week centering on February 19. Eastern sections and Pacific slope will get heavy rains or snows. Most precipitation during week centering on February 20.

Treble line represents seasonable normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departures from normal. The black line tending upward indicates rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The indications when storm waves will cross meridian 90, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 3, 1916.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Feb. 9 to 13, warm wave 8 to 12, cool wave 11 to 15. This will cause a February thaw farther north than usual and the storms will be of more than usual force but the heaviest precipitation is not expected with this storm. Without these storms our precipitation would be in the form of very fine mist, very fine snow and would come down gradually. This storm is expected to prepare the moisture in the atmosphere for excessive snows and rains to come later and the snows in some sections are expected to melt and put the streams in conditions for floods when the rains come.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Feb. 13, cross Pacific slope by close of 14, central valleys 15 to 17, eastern sections 18. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 13, central valleys 15, eastern sections 17. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 16, central valleys 18, eastern sections 20.

This will cause severe storms from the Pacific to the Atlantic and these will increase in force as they move eastward reaching their greatest force in eastern sections. Our success in forecasting the excessive rains and snows thus far for January and February should induce all to prepare for severe storms and excessive precipitation during the week centering on Feb. 19.

The United States has an observer with each of the belligerent armies, according to Col. Treat. He also says that plans for the duplication of the German 42-cm howitzer and tractor are being prepared by the War Department; and that our field gun duplicates the French "seventy-five" except in rapidity of fire, which is being remedied.

Americans are already renting windows in Paris from which to witness the wonderful spectacle of the returning victorious armies of the allies as they enter Paris. Many landlords are renting apartments without that window privilege, which has already been sold. This would seem to be premature rejoicing to say the least.

The women voters in the State of Washington have gone on record in favor of preparedness. In California they are expected to do the same. The Pacific coast with the constant fear of Japanese invasion on their minds are very unanimous for preparedness.

TWO KILLED INSTANTLY.

Third Man Slain at Kingston Apparently Put Up a Battle.

Providence, Feb. 2.—Autopsies were performed on the bodies of Oscar Olsen, Gustave Olsen and William Rhodes, the three men who were murdered in the old Kingston station building at Kingston.

Medical Examiner Thewlis, who performed the three autopsies, said that in his opinion Gustave Olsen and Rhodes were killed instantly, but that the third man had put up a fight before being mortally wounded. A .22-caliber revolver was used by the murderer and at least eight shots were fired.

Old Man Held as Slave.
Portland, Me., Feb. 2.—Charged with violation of the Mann white slave act in helping a 15-year-old Anna M. Somers, Boston girl, to Portland, Loren Blanchard, 71 years old, was bound over for the United States district court, after a hearing here.

Independence For the Philippines.
Washington, Feb. 3.—With Vice President Marshall's favorable vote deciding, the senate declared for Philippine independence within four years. Before the vote the ballot was 41 for and 41 against Senator Clarke's amendment to the administration bill.

Nineteen of Crew Missing.
London, Feb. 4.—The British steamship Belle of France has been sunk. The Europeans in her crew and twenty-two Lascars were landed. Nineteen Lascars are missing.

"Meet me at Barney's."

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ARE ON SALE TODAY.

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Come in and Hear Them.

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Specially Fine

BARNEY'S
Music Store.

140 Thames Street

NEWS CONDENSED
FOR BUSY READERS
Happenings in Various Parts of
New England States

Charles H. Ballard, 72, died at Chelsea, Mass., of pnu. He was 65 a lunatic for fifteen years.

Albert M. Spear, an associate justice of the Maine supreme court, announced that he would be a candidate for the Republican nomination for the United States senate.

The Seaboard building, in the heart of Plymouth, Mass., was swept by fire and \$20,000 damage was done.

George W. Williams, secretary-treasurer of the International Stereotypers and Electrotypers' union, died at Boston of pneumonia.

Donald D. Whitaker, 22, of Springfield, Mass., committed suicide by hanging.

Admitting liabilities of \$20,831.60, the Royal Dairy Lunch company of Boston filed a petition in bankruptcy. Governor McCall appointed Frederick P. Cabot of Boston to the Boston juvenile court bench to succeed the late Judge Baker.

An armed posse captured Thomas J. Allen, who escaped from the county jail at Westerly, R. I.

Three houses were burned to death and seven carriages destroyed in a \$5000 fire in a stable at Brookline, Mass., owned by Mary H. Russell.

After twenty-four hours afloat in a dory during wintry weather, John Forrester and Henry Thomeyer, who were lost from the Gloucester, Mass., fishing schooner Elele, were picked up by a steamer.

Have feet are not immoral, but bare legs are. This is the informal ruling by Mayor Curley on theatrical conditions in Boston.

The Danish steamship Arkansas, which arrived at Boston from Copenhagen, is the first transatlantic vessel to have her hull painted on her decks to protect her from attack by belligerent aircraft.

Selma (Lina) Buchert of Penobscot, Me., told the police that four men attacked him near his home, threw mud in his eyes and robbed him of \$100.

Colonel Joseph H. (building of Wilmington, Vt., banker and designer, died at the age of 74. He served in the Civil war.

A story of crime, whereby a family of four has been supported for nearly a year and a half by the thefts of the head of the family, was revealed at Waltham, Mass., in the confession of Louis Davine.

The state board of education has accepted the resignation of Dr. David Smedley, Massachusetts commissioner of education. Smedley has accepted a professorship at the Teachers' college of Columbia university.

John Q. A. Field, 81, president of the Quincy, Mass., Savings bank, and prominent in the granite business, died after an illness of two months.

Nearly 100 pigs were burned to death in a fire at Marblehead, Mass., which completely destroyed a barn owned by William Huntley.

Clatham is one of the busiest towns on Cape Cod in the way of annexing new enterprises. The town's latest is a cold storage factory.

Miss Nina Perry of Augusta, Me., in her will, bequeaths her farm and all the buildings "to afford a home for two or more unmarried women who have worked in the straw factories of Massachusetts."

The King's Daughters of Swanton, Vt., by a concerted effort, raised \$1500 toward paying off the indebtedness on the new public library.

The Windham county jail at Newfane, Vt., has been without an occupant for the last month.

Articles of association have been filed with the Vermont secretary of state by the John Nelson Construction company of Montpelier, with capital stock of \$5000.

A. S. Hall of Somerville, a brakeman, was killed when he was buried beneath a pile of coal which fell from a car as it crashed through a slide track trestle at Hudson, Mass.

Anxiety over the European war is believed to have caused Robert Number, 70, a German, to commit suicide at Pittsfield, Mass., by hanging.

Former United States Senator Crane of Dalton, Mass., has resigned as a director of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company.

The American Grocery company, Boston, against which bankruptcy proceedings were started, admits debts amounting to \$156,815.02.

James D. Carmichael, 57, died at Boston as the result of injuries received when he was knocked down by an automobile.

Peter Russell, 48, of Chelsea, Mass., lost his balance while standing on the roof of a building and fell sixty-five feet to the ground and was killed.

Chief George H. Butler of the Malden, Mass., fire department died from injuries sustained at a fire a week ago.

Marcel A. Thomas, 3, died at Somerville, Mass., of injuries received when she was struck by an automobile.

John J. Scannell was killed by a fall from Housatonic Tunnel docks, Boston, into the water between the pier and a steamer.

At the annual meeting of the Vermont Cow Test association it was reported that only the state of Wisconsin had voted in number of associations.

The health law, Vt. union statute will be completed about April 1. It is estimated that there are 4000 school boys students, who are to from the state.

Monday will be motion day for February in the Superior Court, with Judge Doran presiding. There will be considerable business for his consideration. The March session of the court promises to be a long and busy one, especially in divorce matters, a large number of new applications for divorce having been made since the December session.

Any one who has a sense of humor can get along pretty well with a pessimist.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, FEBRUARY, 1916

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Water	Low Water
5 Sat	6 55	5 04	7 43	8 41	0 05
6 Sun	6 55	5 05	7 38	8 32	0 52
7 Mon	6 55	5 05	7 30	8 19	1 41
8 Tues	6 55	5 07	7 18	8 00	2 31
9 Wed	6 55	5 08	7 03	7 46	3 21
10 Thur	6 55	5 10	6 45	7 28	4 15
11 Fri	6 55	5 11	6 24	7 05	5 13

New Moon Feb. 3.
Moon's last q. Feb. 10 4:30m. Morning
Full Moon Feb. 15 9:30m. Evening
Moon's last q. Feb. 23 7:35m. Morning

Deaths.

In this city, 2nd ult., Walter L., son of Sarah and the late John J. Sullivan, in his 22d year.
In this city, 31st ult., Frank W. Hay.
In this city, 1st inst., Mary, widow of Michael Hogan.
In this city, 1st inst., Catherine, widow of Thomas Donahue.
In this city, 1st inst., Anna Dorcas, daughter of the late Isaac Howard and Mary Catherine Carr Potter, and wife of George W. Wright.
In this city, 2d inst., George H. Carr, aged 64 years.
In this city, 2d inst., Rose, wife of Patrick McGrath.
In this city, 2d inst., Harriet E., widow of Thomas Weaver.
In this city, 2d inst., Mrs. Maria Lewis.
In this city, 2d inst., John J. Moriarty, aged 76 years.
In this city, 2d inst., Margaret Sullivan.
In this city, 2d inst., Alice Dean Clarke, daughter of Charles C. and Nellie E. Clarke, aged 17 years.
In Middletown, 31st ult., Ernest E. T. P. Beldan, in his 25th year.
At East Orange, N. J., February 3, 1916, George Way Swinburne, eldest son of the late George Way and Martha Carr Swinburne, suddenly, at Lake Mahopac, New York, Jan. 31, Isabelle D. Boker, widow of Joseph M. Boker and daughter of the late William W. and Sarah Hazard of this city.
In Providence, 1st inst., Clarence A. Aldrich, in his 61th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other states, away from Newport and vicinity, who desire to buy or lease houses, farms, sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

122 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1881. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal states and a Notary Public. His Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villages and Country places.

We are Showing the Choicest
and Largest Line of

BOOKS

for Children

of all ages.

CARR'S

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Tel. 633

CLAIMED THE SHIP

Maro Thought He Was Eligible to Command a Cruiser.

AN OLD TIME NAVAL PRANK.

The Shabby Trick That Was Played Upon a Patriotic Greek Boilermaker by Some of Uncle Sam's Sailors With Whom He Had Shipped.

"A number of years ago the cruiser on which I was serving shipped a boilermaker while we were on the Mediterranean station," said a retired petty officer of the navy. "Our former boilermaker's time expired while we were at Gibraltar, and as he was not in good physical shape he wasn't reenlisted, but took his discharge and returned to the United States by mail steamer. So the ship was shy a boilermaker, a very important and necessary petty officer down below in the engineer's department, and when the ship pulled into Naples harbor the chief engineer went ashore to see if he couldn't dig up a boilermaker.

"There was a chance in the enlistment regulations permitting the commanding officers to ship necessary men on foreign stations in short-handed emergencies. The chief engineer brought back to the ship a Greek named Charlie Maro. The man couldn't speak any English to speak of, but he was a good man at the boilermaking business, and he was duly shipped aboard of us for three years. He was a wild, hairy looking lot, Maro was, and he got a good deal of a laugh at the hands of the crew, especially the younger fellows, from the time he first came over the side.

"Maro thought that there wasn't any other country on the map except Greece, and after he got hold of enough English to make himself understood he used to take some of the young apprentice boys up into the eyes of the ship and tell them, with many gesticulations and furious words, of the different kinds of the Greek could knock out of Turkey.

"The ship was around on the Pacific station when the war broke out between Greece and Turkey. When the news of the outbreak of the war got to Maro, our boilermaker, he nearly had heart disease and a whole lot of other sudden things from pure excitement. He just couldn't hold himself in, he looked so tickled.

"The Greek man willa him, him, him, da 'taucka man' was Charlie Maro's way of putting it, and he didn't see that the Turk had a ghost of a show. All hands forward encouraged him in the belief. They all acquiesced in expressing the belief to Maro that Greece would slay Turkey up. Then a boatman's mate who knew how to crack the most impossible jokes with a face as solemn and wooden as an Indian's took Charlie in hand and told him some things. He told Maro that the United States was so much in sympathy with Greece in the struggle with Turkey that the navy department had decided to turn over all of the ships of the American navy to Greek commanders.

"Here's a chance for you, Maro," the boatman's mate told Maro. "You just want to work your edge. Here you are already shipped on this cruiser, and it's dollars to doughnuts that if you ask for the command of this ship in order to take her over to Greece to mix it up with the Turks you'll get it hands down. Better try it out."

"That idea impressed Maro a heap. He asked the boatman's mate whom he'd have to apply to to get command of the cruiser.

"Why, to the commanding officer, of course," was the reply.

Maro was tremendously important for a day or so while he let this huge idea grow within him, and he bullied the men detailed to work with him down below in the boiler room a good deal. The boatman's mate kept appearing on deck one morning logged out in his very best mustering suit of bluejacket clothes and went up to the officer of the deck and asked permission to see the commanding officer at the mast. The officer of the deck was rather surprised to see the man all done up in his mustering togs when all hands were at work; but, as he is obliged to do when an enlisted man requests permission to see the commanding officer, he sent word to the skipper, who soon emerged from his cabin and appeared at the stick.

"Well, my man?" said the skipper to Maro, who stood bolt upright and saluted with a flourish.

"Sard," said Maro to the skipper, "I have a da honor to her-a-by take da command of a da ship."

"Hey?" said the commanding officer, putting his hand to his ear and looking as if he hadn't heard right.

"Da ship," repeated Maro. "For a da naave of a Hellas-nae-Greek-naave-I have da honor to take da command."

"All hands among the enlisted men were up on the taffrail to see the taking of the ship in, and they broke into a roar that you could have heard five cable lengths distance. Maro heard it, and, suspecting that his confidence had been abused, got red and dabbled. He suddenly turned for the engine room hatch and made his way below, and it took three minutes to drag him aft to the sick bay, where the surgeon, at the skipper's command, gave Maro a half hour's examination as to his sanity. Maro was game enough to decline to give the name of the enlisted man who had told him he was eligible for the command of the ship upon its being turned into the navy of Greece, but the thrashing he gave that boatman's mate when he got him on the beach was certainly savage."

A Great Help.

"Did you have any help you when you were hanging the pictures?"

"Oh, yes! My wife stood around and asked me what I was swearing at!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Some men do not make fortunes for the sake of living, but, blinded by avarice, live for the sake of money only.—Juvenal.

WHEN YOU GREET A FRIEND.

Tell Him He's Looking Fine and See How It Cheers Him.

"By George, old man, you are looking fine!"

Did you ever notice how you perk up, no matter how poorly you were feeling before, when some friend greets you in that way?

According to the secretary of the Colorado board of health, the human system just naturally begins to tone up under the stimulus of such greetings.

He declares it is an aid to health and a help in preventing disease, and to that end he advocates a "tell your friends how well they look" movement.

"It is not only bad taste to talk of your pains and afflictions," says the doctor, "but a reflection on your intelligence and knowledge of sanitation and good health. We are not far from the time when the cause of illness will have to be accounted for personally."

"In other words, nature is no longer going to be blamed for sickness when it is simply the result of ignorance, indifference or wrong ways of living."

Do you not think it worth giving the doctor's idea a try?

Word! So here goes:

"By George, you are looking fine!"—Santa Fe New Mexican.

LITERARY FORGERIES.

Stuff With Which Vrain-Lucas Duped An Aged Scientist.

The most remarkable literary forgery on record was perpetrated in 1870 on Michael Chasles, a French scientist of European reputation. Chasles, who was in his dotage, purchased within a few years from one Vrain-Lucas no fewer than 27,000 autographs. A. M. Broadley tells the story in his "Chats on Autographs."

"Beginning with a supposed correspondence between the youthful Newton and Pascal, Vrain-Lucas proceeded to fabricate letters of Rabelais, Montesquieu and La Bruyere. Before he had finished M. Chasles became the possessor of letters in French, and written on paper made in France, of Julius Caesar, Cleopatra, Mary Magdalene and even of Lazarus after his resurrection."

Vrain-Lucas was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and among other forged manuscripts from his pen there were produced in court letters from Alexander the Great, Herod, Pompey, Jesus Iscariot, Sappho, Pontius Pilate and Joan of Arc.

Battillery of the Cat.

The piercing wavery of the cat in the night starts and exasperates us beyond all bearing—not by its loudness, but by a certain vicious, weird, half terrifying, half infuriating note in it that makes us spring to arms with the bootjack or other substitute for the booting, as the warwhoop of our tribal enemies did a century or centuries ago, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson.

One of Mark Twain's wise old friends had taught this note when he explained to the tenderfoot that animal speech had rules of composition and grammar, just like human speech, and that "the reason a cat rises ye so ain't on account of the noise she makes, but on account of the sleekin' bad grammar she uses." And he was right, for the grammar of scap lifting and the whole alphabet of battle, murder and sudden death angles and screams in the rasping cry.

The Weather Changest Not.

The oldest weather diary known to be in existence was kept by a Lincolnshire parson, William Merie, close on 600 years ago. From 1337 to 1344 he wrote it up, often day by day, in Latin, and his manuscript, being on vellum, was somehow preserved and is now in the Bodleian. Merie did not trouble himself with the popular lore about "skyeey influences," but stuck to an accurate record of fact, in the spirit at least of the modern meteorologists. And from his jottings it seems that he had pretty much the same kind of weather to deal with as folks in his parish of Friby experience now. Contrary to theory, the changes of six centuries have not reduced the number of wet days in the year.—London Chronicle.

Vanilla Beans.

The vanilla bean is the costliest bean in the world. It flourishes in Mexico, chiefly in Papantla and Misantla. It grows wild and is gathered and marketed by the natives. Just as they come from the forests the beans sell at \$10 per 1,000. After the beans are dried and cured they are worth from \$10 to \$11 a pound, according to quality. They are used by druggists and confectioners and are an important article of commerce.

Warning Him.

"My dear, I can give you a satisfactory explanation of my delay in getting home this evening."

"You may have an explanation, Henry, but I can tell you in advance that it won't be satisfactory."—Detroit Free Press.

Might Be Worse.

Maiden Aunt (to little nephew on a visit)—You're not getting bunsleik, Willie? Little Boy—Oh, no, auntie! It's even duller at home.—London Opinion.

Sound Advice.

If you are in the habit of being an innocent bystander take treatment for your innocence or cease bystanding.—Judge.

We cannot live better than in seeking to become better nor more agreeable than by having a clear conscience.—Socrates.

Disaster.

Knicker—Were you caught in the storm without your umbrella? Boomer—Worse still; I was caught without any one else's umbrella.—New York Sun.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE AMERICAN RAVEN.

Found Now Only In Safe Retreats In the Rocky Mountains.

The raven has gained little in the affections of the people from his kindly act of supplying Elijah, the prophet, with food when hunger pressed him. The raven is thought of as a bird of ill omen wherever his black shadow appears. He is the sinister bird, and he cannot shake from his feathers his evil name, though it be only in part deserved.

How can any one be supposed to cultivate affection for a bird of which a great poet could write lines like these: The sad preening raven told The sick man's past-time in her hollow back.

And in the shadow of the silent night Doth shake contagion from her sable wing. The raven is passing from her sable wing almost entirely disappeared from the British islands. Formerly the American raven was fairly common in our inland western country, in New England and in the lower ranges of the Allegheny mountains. Today it is only occasionally to be seen in its ancient haunts.

In the Rocky mountains, however, where men are scarce, the raven is holding its own. It builds its nest on the edge of the ledges of the inaccessible cliffs, and, sighting its foe from afar, it keeps the distance in which lies safety.

The raven is ugly in shape, as it is in voice. Its sole beauty lies in the luster of its feathers when the sun strikes them full and fair. It is a bearded bird, with high shoulders and certain bumps and humps here and there to make its form seem utterly lost to symmetry.

The bird is not altogether bad. It robs the nests of other birds, and it is this trait of character which has lost it caste and life in England. The gamekeeper shoots it on sight, and in recent years, because of the growing scarcity, the museum collectors have been hunting the raven in all places where it is reported to have dared to show its head.

The raven is the bird of books. It has a larger place in literature perhaps than all other birds combined if we except the eagle. Shakespeare mentions it no less than fifty times. Milton did not neglect it, and all the poets—ancient, medieval and modern—have considered the raven.

The American raven probably will be safe in his Rocky mountain haunts for years to come, but he is so far removed from man's habitations that his picturesque, his oddities, his graveness and his croakings virtually are lost to the world.—Chicago Post.

JOKING RELATIVES.

Peculiar and Embarrassing Custom of the Crow Indians.

The Crow Indians are divided into thirteen clans. In former times the number was probably greater. These groups are called by unkindlike designation, such as Whistling Waters, They Bring Game Without Having Killed It, Killed in Their Stomach, and so forth. Every individual belongs to his mother's clan, and it is considered highly improper to marry a person of one's own clan, since all the marriageable women of that group are reckoned as belonging to the status of either a mother or a sister.

Those individuals whose fathers belong to the same clan stand to each other in a very special relation, which for want of a better name may be called the "joking relationship." They are privileged to play pranks and practical jokes on each other without giving offense, says the Southern Farmer. More particularly is it the function of one of them to administer a stinging rebuke when the other has transgressed some rule of tribal morality or etiquette.

In such a case the "joker" will bide his time until some public occasion arises. Then he will boldly come forward and twit the culprit with his deed in the face of the assembled throng and to his utter discomfiture. Against this punishment there is no redress, for nothing said by a joking relative can be resented. The only thing a man can do is to wait for an offense on the part of his denouncer and then treat him to a dose of his own medicine.

The Persian Crow's Beak.

There is a weapon known as the crow's beak which was formerly much in use among men of rank in Persia and north India. It was a horseman's weapon and consisted of a broad curved dagger blade fixed at right angles to a shaft, pickax fashion. The shaft incloses a dagger, unscrewing at the butt end. This concealed dagger is a very common feature of Indian arms and especially of the battleaxes of Persia.

Not the Same.

On one occasion when "The Mikado" was being rehearsed Gilbert called out from the middle of the stalls, "There is a gentleman in the left group not holding his fan correctly." The stage manager appeared and explained. "There is one gentleman," he said, "who is absent through illness." "Ah," came the reply from the author in grave, matter of fact tones, "that is not the gentleman I am referring to."—Dundee Advertiser.

A False Note.

"I hear you calling me," warbled the daughter from the parlor. "Yes," sang mother from the kitchen. "I want you to come here and help me with the dis-s-shes." And then a profound silence reigned.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Do all the good you can and make as little fuss as possible about it.—Charles Dickens.

Lazy Idleness.

Beware of lazy idleness. It will have its effect on your whole system. It brings on degeneration of the muscles and the internal organs, sometimes resulting in an unhealthy accumulation of fat and sometimes in internal adhesion. In some constitutions it results in shrinkage and premature old age.

HE THRUST GRIEF ASIDE.

Because He Was a Journalist, With a Duty to Perform.

Apocryph of journalistic enthusiasm, Mr. Arnold Bennett furnishes a humorous illustration. He was twenty and a reporter for a small paper. An election had taken place in which his paper's candidate had been defeated and a brewer had won. His editor had given him instructions that if they lost he was to make fun of the brewer, and in any case to deliver his copy by 11 o'clock next morning. Mr. Bennett says:

"I attended the declaration of the poll, and as the elated brewer made his speech of ceremony in front of the town hall I observed that his hat was afloat in and askew. I fastened on that detail and went to bed in meditation upon the facetious notes which I was to write early on the morrow. In the middle of the night I was awakened by my venerable grandfather, who lived at the other end of the town, had been taken ill and was dying. As his eldest grandson, my presence at the final scene was indispensable. I went and talked in low tones with my elders.

"Nothing domestic could be permitted to interfere with my duty as a journalist."

"I must write those facetious comments while my grandfather is dying!" This thought filled my brain. It seemed to me to be true, splendid. I was intensely proud of being laid under a compulsion so startlingly dramatic. Could I manufacture jokes while my grandfather expired? Certainly, I was a journalist. And never since have I been so ardently a journalist as I was that night and morning. With a sense of the theatrical, I wrote my notes at dawn. They delicately exonerated the brewer.

"The curious thing is that my grandfather survived not only that, but several other fatal attacks."

WHAT IS STYLE?

It Is Difficult to Define Because It Is So Intangible.

What makes a woman stylish? Applied to dress, style is a curiously elusive quality, either to define or to acquire.

"A stylish garment?" we say of one made in the fashion of the day. But when we ask, "What is the style of the garment?" we are inquiring for a description that may be of this year's style, or last year's, or of the last century's. A dress may be "in style" so far as its material, cut and trimming go and yet not look stylish when worn, either because it is worn by the wrong person or in the wrong way.

"A stylish woman," we say of one dressed in a mode, and yet in the next breath we describe another woman as "good style," although she is not wearing the latest fashions or newest cut and often is not herself beautiful.

Style is not a simple quality, but a compound one. "We say style," says an old writer, "of everything in which form or matter is conceived to be, in however slight degree, expressive of taste and sentiment." And it is taste and sentiment more than a specific mode that go to the making of style in dress—that intangible something so hard to define, so seldom acquired and so much desired because it is so widely admired.

The French word chic expresses, as Americans and English use it today, a good deal of what we have in mind when we say "stylish." It implies a certain knack in the selection and manner of wearing clothes. The meaning in French includes the idea of subtlety and finesse, and it is these qualities more than the elegant (striking) effect that are suggested by the best dressed women, so often lacking in those of expensively dressed Americans.—Good Health.

Entirely Stopped.

It was at a big boxing show in Brooklyn that at the time for beginning the third round of one of the bouts the official master of ceremonies climbed through the ropes and from the center of the ring made this statement:

"Gentlemen, I wish to announce that in the last round Harry Pierce broke his hand and is compelled to stop. He is therefore unable to continue. And so he will not fight any more tonight."—Saturday Evening Post.

The First Oyster Eater.

The gluttonous Vitellus is reported to have eaten 1,000 oysters at a sitting. "He was a very valiant man who first ventured on eating of oysters," King James was wont to declare, a sentiment echoed by the poet Gay:

The man had sure a palate covered o'er With brass or steel that on the rocky shore.

First broke the cozy oyster's pearly coat, And tickled the living morsel down his throat.

She Knew.

Clergyman—It is bad to lose a husband, madam, but I am sure that as he was such a good man he is happy where he is. Widow—Oh, but I know he isn't happy! Clergyman—Why? Widow—Because he said he could never be happy without me.—Indianapolis Star.

Advice From a Philosopher.

A little wayside sermon by Brother Elmo Harper: "Cut out extravagant speech. If the undertakers got all the otherwise healthy folks who 'were just tickled to death' the cemeteries would have to be enlarged."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Geography of Efficiency.

A little body of well dressed men entirely surrounded by stenographers.—New York Sun.

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ONE POET OUT OF PLACE.

When Wordsworth, in Borrowed Finery, Attended a Royal Function.

It is not easy to imagine Wordsworth, the gentle poet, in the midst of the glittering artificialities of court life. Yet he once actually presented that picture. How slender was the tie that bound Wordsworth to the court during his seven years' tenure of the laureateship may be judged, says W. Forbes Gray in "The Poets Laureate," by the fact that he wrote no official poem and that on only one occasion did he leave his retreat in the heart of his beloved lake to attend a court function. In May, 1815, he obeyed an imperative summons of the lord chamberlain to attend a state ball at Buckingham palace.

There must have been, as Professor Knight remarks, "something not a little incongruous in the severely simple, almost austere, poet of seventy-five years attending a ceremonial of this kind." Wordsworth went not only to the ball, but to the queen's levee, in a court dress belonging to Samuel Rogers and wearing a sword once owned by Sir Humphry Davy.

"What!" exclaims Haydon, "would Hazlitt say now? The poet of the lakes in bagwig, sword and rufflet!" Haydon also remarks that the fitting of the court dress was no easy matter. "It was a squeeze, hot by pulling and hauling they got him in. Fancy the high priest of mountains and of food on his knees in a court, the quills of the courtiers, in a dress that did not belong to him, with a sword that was not his own and a coat that he had borrowed." Haydon could not bear to "associate a bagwig and sword, ruffes and buckles with Helvellyn and the mountain solitude."

On returning home the laureate wrote an interesting account of his novel experience to his American friend, Professor Reed: "The reception given me by the queen, at her ball, was most gracious. Miss Bouverie, the wife of my minister, among many others, was a witness to it, without knowing who I was. It moved her to the shedding of tears. This effect was in part produced, I suppose, by American habits of feeling, as pertaining to a republican government. To see a gray haired man of seventy-five years, kneeling down, in a large assembly, to kiss the hand of a young woman, is a sight for which institutions essentially democratic do not prepare a spectator of either sex and must naturally place the epithets upon which a republic is founded and the sentiments which support it in strong contrast with a government based and upheld as ours is."

Pineapples.

The pineapple is a solidified blossom, say the horticultural experts, and it is pineapple blossom time from June to October in Hawaii, where 7,000 acres are given over to the cultivation of this fruit. Pineapples are planted in three ways—for shipment raw, for canning and for juice. If the planter wants large, perfect specimens of the fruit he sets about 5,000 plants to the acre. The uniform smaller disks that you find in the cans are the result of closer planting, while the planter who desires only juice sets his plants still closer.—Youth's Companion.

Past Help.

The man with the old clock under his arm laid it on the jeweler's showcase. "I wish you'd see what is the matter with this," he said.

The jeweler removed the dial, screwed his eyeglass into place and inspected the works of the ancient timepiece. "Nothing is the matter with it now. Its sufferings are over."

"Well, how much do I owe you?" asked the man.

"Nothing," answered the jeweler. "This isn't a professional treatment. This is a coroner's inquest."

Working Out a Garden's Salvation.

Looking backward, I note the transition from reading books about gardens to doing work in one of them and how it gradually came to pass that I read less and only of standard substantialities that might be termed principles, because I found that I must work out my own garden salvation and work it out, if not with fear and trembling, certainly with a humble mind and a humble disposition.—From "My Growing Garden," by J. Horace McFarland.

Goals to Newcastle.

Mother was measuring a dose of tonic for her little son, who looked up and said:

"What am I taking this for?"

"An appetite," she replied.

"An appetite," he scornfully repeated. "I can't begin to hold now one-half I want to eat."—New York Post.

Some Do Very Well.

"That girl has to wear her sister's old clothes."

"That's a shame. A girl can't make anything pretty out of leftover stuff."

"All depends. Look how beautifully autumn dresses on summer's hand-me-downs."—Chicago News.

A Message to His Love.

First Barber—That was a bad cut you gave that old man while shaving him. Second Barber—Oh, there's a reason for that. I'm courting his maid, and the cut will let her know that I'll meet her this evening.—Boston Transcript.

One Way.

"What is the best way to preserve peaches?" inquired Mrs. Wombat. "Keep 'em on a high shelf," advised Mrs. Flumob, who has enterprising kids.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The path of duty is the way of safety and the road to honor.—Old Saying.

Different.

"They say marriage is a lottery," remarked the morose young man.

"It isn't," replied Miss Cayenne. "In a lottery you can go on buying tickets."—Washington Star.

Easy Living.

A tribe called the Tungus, living 700 miles from civilization in Siberia, is said to have but one article in its creed—"Eat much and laugh much."

BUYING A HAT IN HAWAII.

It Cost More to Find the Article Than It Did to Purchase It.

In his eagerness to see a whale during the voyage between Honolulu and the island of Hawaii, Homer Crox, who tells about his adventure in Travel, leaped too far over the rail and lost his hat.

After arriving at the island he climbed into a launch and told the driver to take him to a hat store. "Do you understand?" he asked. "A hat store?"

"Yes, for sure, all right," the Japanese chauffeur answered.

"They went bumping up the street, swung wildly round a corner and finally, at the far side of the town, drew up to the curb. In the window of the store was a bedstead, on which hung the sign, 'This Week Cheap.'"

"What do you mean by taking me to a furniture store?" Mr. Crox demanded. "Dis Hata store," replied the Japanese driver, and he pointed to the name of the proprietor, "K. Hata."

"I want a hat, not a bed," Mr. Crox said, with feeling. "I want it for this," pointing to his bare head.

"Yes, for sure, all right."

With that the cab whizzed down the street and away to the other side of the town, while the taxi bill was mercifully run up. This time it stopped before a lumber shop.

"Not I don't want anything taken off my head. I want something put on it," declared Mr. Crox, who was now quite irritated.

"Yes, for sure. I understand all right," replied the chauffeur, with a grin.

They went clattering just as far to the other side of the town as they could and drew up before a store that was an afterthought apparently carried a line of hats. Mr. Crox had to pay twice the price of a hat on the way to buy it, but this did not seem to worry the driver, who, after the manner of automobile drivers, stood up under it bravely.

SILK HATTED CROOKS.

The Bad, Bold, Debonair Criminals Are a Class of the Past.

The silk hatted, bewhiskered, high class crook has shaken the New York dust off his spurs and disappeared. He is absolutely extinct. A modern criminal who can burst a good suit of clothes now is termed a "roadie," or if he is a specimen of wearing what some call a dress suit he is a "gentleman burglar." Usually he is "Hillbilly," a couple of times, making a few small cleanups, and is noted, arranged and sent away to a place where he gets his hair cutting and clothes pressing done free.

There are plenty of free lancers of crime circulating around where legal tender or other valuables can be annexed by a little exertion at some risk, but the old time bands of hold, bind, debonair knights of dark deeds have faded away. There are plenty of men who skulk through what is vaguely termed "the underworld" and who take a desperate chance at jump-rope crimes, robberies, holdups or sneak thief jobs, which suddenly come under their attention.

These men are not the same caliber as the big criminals of thirty years ago, although occasionally one of the modern specimens stumbles upon a rich haul. The police may up to date methods have driven them from the game. The green goods men and gold brick canvassers have followed the bison and the Indian over the last frontier as an organized criminal industry. The "wireless" wiretappers have been hunted down and out. The band has been dispersed to various iron barred havens of rest, leaving the country capitalist safe to wander through Manhattan without being tempted to play the races on some intercepted tip.—New York Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Tale of Two Rivers.

The divide between the Hudson bay and Mississippi river drainage basins shows the poor drainage of the glacial prairies and the delicate balance between drainage systems. Though Sheyenne and James rivers, the two principal streams of this region, flow in nearly parallel sources for 150 miles and the relief of the land between them is

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IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

After Three Years.

Wanted! A governess, at Drayton Lodge. One capable of teaching music and languages.

"At Drayton Lodge? My old home!" cried Lucille Brayton, throwing down the paper and burying her face in her hands. "How could I ever go back there as a governess and see it owned by strangers? And yet, what else offers itself?"

Almost desperately she sprang up and walked about the little room for a moment.

"I wonder who owns the dear old place now?" she mused. "Is there any girl there who was as happy as I once was—when, perhaps, has my room, loves the flowers, and walks as I did. Perhaps she has a lover and runs with him on the lake in the moonlight evening? Oh, Hugh, Hugh! Why do I torture myself in this way?" she broke off suddenly, throwing herself on the shabby little sofa in a passion of tears and grief.

There was a sad story. Three years before a petted only daughter, surrounded by every luxury and engaged to one whose devoted love she fully returned, sorrow had singled her out as a target for its arrows.

First, her lover was called abroad, and in mid-ocean, the ship in which he had taken passage was wrecked, and nearly all of its passengers, including Hugh Murray, were supposed to have perished. Then, just as her heart seemed breaking with the weight of grief, a terrible blow fell on her home—none other than the death of her father by his own hand, and the sudden awful knowledge that he had succumbed, first to one temptation and then to another, intending in time to replace the money he had misappropriated, but driven to desperation at last by the accumulation of bad luck and wrong-doing.

To make what reparation they could the heart-broken widow and daughter gave up their home and everything they possessed; then went away to cover up their shame and grief in a part of the world where they would be strangers to all.

The year that followed has been one continuous struggle with sickness and poverty, in the midst of which Mrs. Brayton faded away and died, leaving Lucille alone in the world.

After that the girl took a situation in a family as governess, until, overcome with loneliness and a longing to see her old home, she drifted back to the place of her happy childhood. Tonight she had just arrived in the little village, taken a room in the hotel, and there read in the local paper of the vacant situation.

"I can at least go and see the sweet old place," she said to herself the next morning, when, after a sleepless night spent in sad memories, she ate her breakfast and started off.

"I don't suppose I shall suit," she thought, "because my references are from people far away, and I will not let them know who I really am."

How familiar seemed every turn, every byway, of the little village and the road leading off to the lodge. Lucille's eyes were so continually blinded with tears that she hardly noted the faces of the passersby, and no one noticed her. Veiled and in her plain black gown, she bore little resemblance to the beautiful Lucille Brayton, who, in previous years, had dashed gayly over these very roads on her pony or in her car.

At last the dear, familiar tower, peeping above the trees, rose in sight and then only a few steps and she was at the gates, stretching hospitably open, as in olden times.

"I must—I must control myself," she murmured, leaning for a moment against the lichen-covered stone gate pillar. "But, oh, how hard it is! And how little everything is changed!"

Slowly she went on, winding in and out of the shady drive until the house was reached, and every step revealed how lightly time had touched the place.

The new owners had made no changes. Every seat, arbor and statue were the same, and unchanged as to position.

Two children on the shady stone terrace sat on the same ornamental settee she had always used, and at the sight of her, one of them jumped up.

"I expect you're our new governess. Do you want to see mother?"

"Yes," answered Lucille, with a great effort at steady her voice, and the child at once disappeared into the house leaving his sister staring shyly at the stranger.

A pleasant-faced lady soon appeared in the doorway.

"Will you walk in, please? It is very warm outside today."

Lucille did so, more by sense of feeling than sight, for memories were overpowering.

"You've come in answer to my advertisement, Miss—"

"Lathrop," said Lucille faintly, and pushing aside her veil with reluctance as she remembered her tear-stained face. But the darkness of the room only revealed its excessive pallor—nothing more.

"I should be pleased to secure the position and can teach music, French, German and a little Latin. But I am a stranger here, and my references are from places and people so distant that I did not know whether you would be willing to accept them."

"I think I should be willing. Are you fond of children?"

"Yes, madam."

"And have taught before?"

"For two years, in a family from whom I bring a recommendation."

A few more questions and answers followed, and then, almost before Lucille realized it, she was engaged, shown to her room, and a groom dispatched to the village for her trunk.

"Can it be possible, or am I only dreaming?" she murmured, sinking into the chair by the window, in the very room that belonged to her own governess. "Father, mother, do you know that I am at home? Home! Oh, what a bitter mockery! I can never bear it!"

But Lucille did bear it, and soon learned to love those who now called it home. Mrs. Morton was a widow, with a frank, impulsive heart, that was soon won by the stranger; and the children fell promptly in love with their new governess, who never grew tired of strolling about the grounds, and telling the most wonderful stories of how another little girl had once lived in their house, and done so and so.

It was a life nearer happiness than any she had lived for three years; and many, many times the truth trembled on her lips when talking with Mrs. Morton. But she never spoke it.

"Such a piece of news," said that lady, coming in one day with an open letter in her hand. "My brother is coming home."

"Yes!" said Lucille, polite interest. "The one you call your favorite? Is he coming to visit you?"

"Visit me? Why, this is his house," laughed Mrs. Morton, throwing down her garden hat. "And with such a lovely home as this, he leaves me to do as I please. Here, and goes roaming

All Sorts.

round the world after a girl he loved three years ago. This was her home. Why, Miss Lathrop—"

"Oh, it is nothing," interrupted Lucille. "Only a pain in my side. I have it frequently. But I was interested in your story. I did not mean to interrupt. Go on, please."

"I really don't know all the particulars, often as I have heard them," said Mrs. Morton. "But they were engaged, and, as I say, this was her home; but her father forged, or something, and killed himself, and the girl and her mother gave up everything and disappeared. I forgot to say that just before that my brother had been called abroad, and was reported lost at sea, but had escaped death in the miraculous way that some people—"

Then, with a startled cry, she interrupted herself and sprang up, just as Lucille sank from her chair to the floor in utter insensibility.

It almost seemed as if it would not return, but Mrs. Morton, together with the servants, rushed in at her frightened cry, were indefatigable, and at last their efforts were rewarded.

"Do not speak!" Mrs. Morton exclaimed as the color crept back to the girl's face, and her white lips began to tremble. "I guess what you would say. You are Lucille Brayton? Close your eyes if I am right."

Instantly the lids fell, but as quickly lifted again.

"Say it again," the faint voice pleaded, in spite of commands of silence. "Hugh lives? Hugh Murray?"

"Yes, yes. But you must be quiet—I will not talk to you," cried Mrs. Morton, who was in a delirium of joy and excitement.

Lucille did not want her to. That one joyful truth was enough to feast on for the present, and gladly she closed her eyes, and lay quiet, while Mrs. Morton, calling her car, drove hastily into the village and sent this startling telegram to her brother, Hugh Murray:

"Come at once. Lucille Brayton is with me."

After that the speed of the express train seemed but a snail's pace to Hugh Murray, who, since his wonderful escape from the sea had never ceased looking for the one who, believing him dead, and caring for naught else in the world, had so sedulously hidden herself away.

Their meeting was far too full of sacred joy to bear either witness or description. Mrs. Morton welcomed her brother at the steps, saw him go into the parlor, and Lucille rise from her chair to greet him with a speechless joy in her pale face. Then she hurried away with her eyes full of happy tears for their joy, and tried to explain to the astonished children how Miss Lathrop was not Miss Lathrop, and was going to be their auntie very soon.

"Did you not notice how like old times everything looked?" Hugh Murray asked Lucille, as next day they strolled about the grounds, just as they had done years before.

"Oh, yes, the moment I reached the gate; and while, of course, I was glad to see it so, it nearly killed me with memories," answered Lucille, who still could not realize the wonderful truth that her lover so long mourned as dead was beside her.

"I reached here about six or eight months after you left, and, finding the house just as you left it, and still in the creditors' hands, I purchased it, and then began to look for you. Why my darling, it seems to me that I have ransacked the entire world in searching for you, and advertised far and wide. How could I have failed to find you?"

"Easily, Hugh. We went so far and among such entire strangers, and never, except when I was out of employment and looked for advertisements, did we see a paper. No one gave them to us, and we could not afford to take even the cheapest regularly. And to think all the time you were keeping possession of the old home, and looking for me!"

She burst into a passion of tears, purely joyful, and clung to him as if in terror that the past would prove still a reality, and present but a delicious, fleeting dream. But the clasp of his arms and the sound of his tender voice were very reassuring, and presently she was smiling through her tears as he talked of what they would do.

"And I'll whisper a secret of my sister's, which she has perhaps not told you," he said to her presently. "She goes to a home of her own in a little while, for she is going to be married again. We will have a double wedding, and then my darling, the lodge is once more your own—all your own—as you are, after years of waiting, my own sweet wife!"—Stephen T. Radburn in N. Y. Weekly.

A Precaution.

On the day after the visit of the German Zeppelins there occurred in South-west—a so wireless message from Berlin asserting—the following conversation:

"Betsey," whispered Mr. James, leading his wife into the darkest corner of the cellar, "here is a wallet. You will find in it all our valuable papers, the stocks and bonds, my will, my insurance policies, and the lock of baby's hair cut off on his first birthday. Good-bye, Betsey. If I fail to return, bring up our children to be good English men and women."

"Oh, James, dear, you are not going on a dangerous journey, are you?"

"Yes, dearest. I must go up to the first floor."—New York Evening Post.

Sharpening Himself.

When the train stopped at the little Southern station the tourist from the North sauntered out and gazed curiously at a lean animal with scraggy bristles, which was rubbing itself against a scrub oak.

"What do you call that?" he asked curiously of a native?

"Razorback hawg, sah."

"What is he doing rubbing himself against that tree?"

"He's stropping himself, sah, just as a barber does."

"Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal."

Flo—There's a fair example of the modern widow.

Ridian—How's that?

Flo—Well, just before her husband died he asked her to see that his grave was kept green.

Ridian—Well? And she is keeping it green?

Flo—Ah, no—the nearest she comes to it is to wear a green wig.—Florida Times-Union.

"Did you call on these poor people?"

"Oh, yes, answered the amateur welfare worker."

"And what do they need?"

"Why, I didn't go inside. The house was so fearfully soiled that I just left cards."—Pittsburgh Post.

All Sorts.

Opportunity knocks, but never sends in its card. —Life.

Jack—You ought to see him tickle the ivoried Stone—Home planet, you bet. Jack—Planet nothing! He's a dentist. —Dartmouth Jack of Lantern.

Musical—What's the rent of this room, including the use of the piano? Lordship—I can't say offhand. You must play me something first.—London Opinion.

A man's enemies never kick him when he's down. They stand aside and let his friends do it.—Arkansas City News.

"When you are as old as I am, my son, you will know more and talk less than you do now." "But dad, everybody says I take after mother."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rube Hay—An article's worth what the owner kin git for it. Hiram Whiffle—I guess you never bought a gold brick, did you?—Puck.

Mr. Hopps—I noticed that Barney Oldfield covered 90 miles of road in less than an hour. Mrs. Hopps—Wonderful, but what with, tar or macadam?—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Do you believe the theory that doctors have a right to kill where they cannot cure?"

"Haven't they always been doing it?"—Boston Transcript.

Mike—Do you believe in the recall of judges, Pat?

Pat—That I do not. The last time I was up before his honor he sez: "I recall that face. Sixty days."—I'm again the recall of judges. —Life.

Willie—Paw, what is a slave to fashion? Paw—A man who has a wife and some grown daughters, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Waverly—I'll bet a cookie the bride wasn't pretty.

Marcella—Why do you think that? Waverly—Because newspaper accounts of the wedding put so much stress on her character and sweet disposition.—Judge.

Nurse—Well, doctor, must we give him up?

Doctor—Not while he can sign a check.—Judge.

Gabe—Why was Jaggs fired?

—He was loaded.

Inquisitive Female—Are these people moving?

Passer-by—Oh, no! They're just taking the furniture out for a drive.

Patient—How much will the operation cost?

Surgeon—I'll give you cut rates.—Lippincott's.

The June brides by now have become callous enough to leave last night's dishes and come down in the morning in curl papers and kimono.—Buffalo.

You pay your employees pretty good wages.

Yes; but I have a system of fines that brings most of it back.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Teacher—Willie, in your essay on the giraffe you call it a haughty animal. Why did you write that?

Willie—"Cause it looks down on the other animals."

Madge—That old widower asked me to marry him. He praised my figure and said I resembled his first wife.

Marjorie—I guess that's the attraction, my dear. He thinks you'd be able to wear old clothes.—Judge.

Sunday School Teacher—If you are a good boy, Willie, you will go to heaven and have a gold crown on your head.

Willie—Not for mine then! I had one of them things put on a tooth once.

"Can I trust you, Smith?"

"Guess so. Try me with \$10."

Singleton—Have you decided what you are going to call the baby, old man?

Wedmore—Yes; I'm going to call him whatever my wife names him.

Jail Visitor (sympathetically)—You poor man! You'll be glad when your time is up, won't you?

Convict—Not particularly miss. I'm in for life.

"Jimmy is such an unfortunate boy," remarked old Mrs. Simpson. "He joined an athletic club and the first time went there he broke one of the best records they had."—Boston Transcript.

Doctor—"I have to report, sir, that you are the father of triplets."

Politician—"Impossible! I'll demand a recount."—Puck.

KING OF URBAN TREES.

Qualities That Adapt the Elm to Architectural Surroundings.

The elm is essentially a self-sufficient tree. It does not thrive in groves. It has a standard type of its own, and it either attains this type or is lost to view. The elm which comes to maturity is usually the one which has lodged in a favored spot where there is no competition, such as a river meadow, where the spring freshets have dropped the seed on fertile soil and the roots can get down to water.

We all know the type, the noble trunk of massive girth tapering very gradually upward to the first spring of branches and then dissolving into those branches as a water jet might dissolve in many upward and out curving streams till the whole is lost in the spray of the foliage. Like many other trees that grow alone, it develops an exquisite symmetry. But with the elm this symmetry is not only one of general contour, but of individual limbs. Not only is the silhouette symmetrical, but the skeleton also, branch balancing branch.

That is what gives it its remarkable fitness to comport with architectural lines, with geometrically designed vistas. It has a formal structure and a consequent dignity which make it the logical shade for a village street, a chapel, a library, the scholarly procession in cap and gown. Add to that dignity its arched and airy lightness and its splendid size and you have the king of urban trees.—Walter Prichard Eaton in Century.

No Highbrow.

Bacon—The giraffe is said to be the only animal in nature that is entirely dumb, not being able to express itself by any sound whatever. Expert—It's just as well, for if it could speak it would talk over everybody's head.—Yonkers Statesman.

Munhausen.

Perhaps the most valuable bar that ever lived was the Baron Munhausen—that is, the fictional baron. The real baron was a kindly soul who lived in Germany and who in nowise deserved the evil reputation that attached to him through the use of his name in a series of highly colored adventures that appeared in print in London in 1785.

The authorship of the absurd tales is a mystery. It is generally believed that Rudolph Erich Raspe, a questionable character, wrote the stories first, but there is no absolute confirmation. Following the original series a number of additional adventures were written by less skilled pens.

The real baron found little in life to enjoy after the stories became generally circulated. Curious tourists haunted his estates and tried to trap him into relating some wild story. At first he resented their attention in a vigorous fashion, but in his declining years he grew sour and morose and finally died, a most unhappy person, in 1797. —Kansas City Times.

Why the Sea Has Pearls.

A few weeks ago I was talking with a woman of deep religious sentiment who was in great distress because her very young baby had died before it could be baptized.

I went to ask natives of Norway, Finland and other places their views on this very delicate question, and so I came across a bit of very pretty Shetland folklore.

To the bibles in Shetland life is very kind and death is gentle. Those who die unbaptized are doomed to wander, but do not wonder grieving. Madonna Mary sends to them every week and an angel, who lays aside his fly crown and romps with the dead babies. When he leaves them he gathers up in a golden chalice all the tears they have shed during the week. These he casts in handfuls into the sea, and that is why the sea has pearls. I like that story.—Vancouver World.

Effects of Lying.

Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth and not falsehood. It is a great offense against humanity itself; for where there is no regard to truth there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind that he can scarcely tell the truth or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it, and in time he comes to such a pass that as other people cannot believe he speaks the truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture or opinion.—Sir Matthew Hale.

Christening Boats.

The modern custom of christening vessels is without doubt an adaptation of an ancient custom, just as so many of our other customs and habits have been adapted from ancient ones. The ancients used to place the tongue of a titular deity at the stern of their vessels, in the titula, or shrine. Do you remember that the boat mentioned in the twenty-eighth chapter of the Acts, the boat that carried Paul from Malta to Rome, was "under the sign of Castor and Pollux"? It was, so says Acts.

The ceremony of breaking a bottle of wine on the bow of a new vessel as it is launched is another ancient custom, for the ancients offered a libation to Neptune or Poseidon, who ruled the sea, as they launched their boats.—Exchange.

Playing Safe.

"I'm surprised to see you riding in the suburban smoker every day. You never use tobacco in any form, do you?"

"No, but if I ride in one of the other cars my wife expects me to be able to tell her what every lady on the train was wearing and whether it was becoming or not, and if I tell her she accuses me of taking too much interest in other women. If I can't tell her she says I'm too stupid for any kind of use."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Babylonia.

The northern part of Babylonia is generally dry during the greater part of the year. The lower part, near the junction of the rivers, is generally a great marshy swamp overgrown with reeds. In the springtime one may sail almost anywhere across the country from the Tigris to the Euphrates, and in the dry season great herds of camels, buffaloes, donkeys, sheep and goats graze over the same place.

Nothing Rude.

"I suppose your daughter will start her scholastic career with some special rudimentary studies?"

"No, indeed. There ain't going to be no 'scholastic' about it. She's goin' to take only polite literature."—Baltimore American.

His Opposite.

"They say people with opposite characteristics make the happiest marriages."

"Yes; that's why I'm looking for a girl with money."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Only One Athens Now.

There is and has been for many centuries only one Athens. But antiquity knew no fewer than nine cities or towns of that name in various parts of Greece, and even in the time of Plautus it was sometimes felt necessary to distinguish the great one as "Attic Athens." It was natural that Greek cities should take their name from Athens, the goddess of wisdom, warlike prowess and skill in the arts of life, who, according to some legends, herself founded the City of the Violent Crown. Others ascribed the naming of the city to Theseus or other mythical kings. The "a" of the termination is a real plural, for the city was given a plural name (Athenai), as being made up of several constituent parts.—London Chronicle.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department following rules must be observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries brief and consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the query, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be in plain, stamped envelope, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Society,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1916.

NOTES.

Abstract from Probate Records and Deeds.—Old Newport Records, manuscript by Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T.—Continued.

Irish. Sarah, widow of Col. George. Will proved March 4, 1816, mentions sons, John Irish, deceased, Joseph Irish, George Irish, daughters, Martha Irish, Phoebe Alm, wife of Samuel; grand-daughters, Phoebe Irish, dau. of Martha; Sally Davins; Sally Alm; Polly Spencer, wife of Abiel; Patience Cundall; Sarah Ann Bailey (R. C. Chase's wife); Sally of son John; Betsey Irish; grandson Henry T. Irish.

James. John and Lydia, Deed to Joseph West, Sept. 20, 1749.

Jepson. John and Elizabeth. Deed to George Buckmaster, Sept. 1748.

James. Joseph. Admin. to Brother William, Dec. 6, 1743.

Lopez. Moses and Rebecca. Deed to Sam'l Mayott, May 17, 1749.

Langford. John and Alfra. Deed to Francis Gilbert, May 25, 1720.

Lawton. Wm. and Sarah. Deed of lot adjoining Quaker yard (I. E. Southwick estate), to Joshua Easton, glazier, alias schoolmaster.

Lucas. Hon. George, Gov. of Antigua Power as Atty. Attests Ap. 29, 1745.

Lyndon. Sam'l Admin. to son Josias, Jan. 7, 1760.

Lyndon. Sarah. Deed to Josias Lyndon, April 17, 1751 (Lot on Easton's Point).

Lyndon Caleb of Nathaniel Lyndon; minor. Guardianship Dec. 3, 1738.

Lawton. Jonathan, dated Dec. 3, 1799; proved Aug. 3, 1801; mentions, wife, sons, Samuel, Jeremiah, and Jonathan; dau. Freelove Cutler; Gr. sons, Robert Brattel; Wm. Brattel and Wm. Howard; Gr. dau's. Phoebe Howard and Elizabeth Barker.

Mew. Richard vs. Peter Coggeshall. Writ of Ejectment. Samuel Cranston, justice; Jahiel Brenton, Sheriff. Benjamin Bull & John Barzee, Tenants; Richard Ward, Prothonotary. Jan. 7, 1728.

Marchant. Henry. Will dated Aug. 15, 1796; proved Sept. 16, 1798. Mentions wife Rebecca; son, William; dau's, Sarah Marchant & Elizabeth Sessions.

Manchester. Ann. Will dated Feb. 10, 1800; proved July 6, 1801; mentions sons, Jonathan and Ephraim; dau. Lydia.

Mason. Benjamin (Doctor). Will dated Sept. 2, 1801; proved Oct. 5, 1801. Mentions sons Benjamin, Christopher, Grant and George Champlin; dau. Elizabeth Champlin; wife Margaret.

Marchant. Isabel (widow of Huxford, m'd name, Ward). Will proved April 4, 1808. Mentions brother Henry Ward, sister Elizabeth Bliss, nephews, Samuel, John and Richard Ward of Samuel; nieces, Elizabeth Larkin; Nancy Clarke; Mary Ward; Deborah Greene; Elizabeth Wightman, wife of Valentine Wightman; children of nephew Ray Ward, dec.; niece Elizabeth Bowen, wife of Pardon; nephews, Samuel King and Wm. V. King; niece Elizabeth Flagg; Wm. Marchant, son of Henry, and his sisters Sarah Marchant and Elizabeth Sessions.

Miller. Nathan Bull. Will proved May 7, 1804. Mentions wife Polly; brothers John and William.

Miller. Elizabeth, widow. Will proved Aug. 6, 1804. Mentions son Nathan and Polly his wife; son William; gives gr. children Mary, James, Desire, John and William estate, Broad street, formerly of her father and brother and late son John.

Miller. Mary Elizabeth, dau. of John and Ruth, married John Bernard Gilpin, 24 wife.

Malbone. Katharine (Widow of Fr.). Will proved Jan. 1, 1813; nephew and niece, Isaac and Mary Winslow; sister Margaret Pollard; Mrs. Elizabeth Breese and her dau's Kath. Elizabeth and Katharine Crooke; Mary Burgess, Robert Stoddard, eldest son, his uncle's picture; (Robert Stoddard's wife was Mary Pease, m'd Oct. 13, 1756; my late husband's son Saunders Malbone; Col. Charles Handfield of Dublin and his dau. Kath. and other dau's. (Katharine Malbone was widow of Simon Pease).

Nichols. Jonathan. Deed to Job Alm Mar. 14, 1748.

Newbee. Elizabeth. Will dated July 6, 1720; proved May 7, 1722. Mentions dau. Sarah, wife of John Rider; dau. Elizabeth Coggeshall; son Thomas Fox; gr. son Thomas Rider.

Odlin. Robert Admin. Sarah Leach, widow, ad'm'r., Dec. 3, 1745.

Oliver. Capt. Robert. Admin. Widow Desire, ad'm'r., Dec. 6, 1743.

Pelham. John. Power of Atty. to Peter Coggeshall, Feb. 13, 1744. Witnesses: And, Hunter, Jane Hunter, J. Freebody, J. Peace.

Pelham. Edward Jan. and Peter Coggeshall, Bond to Samuel Holmes, Mar. 12, 1723. Witnesses: Simon Pease, Benj. Bull.

Peter. John Jun. Power of Atty. to wife Eunice.

Potter. Hannah. Admin. on estate of her husband, Thomas Potter, Dec. 4, 1744.

Peckham. Elizabeth. Will dated Jan. 13, 1793; proved Mar. 3, 1800. Mentions son Thomas & wife; gr. son Thomas of Thos. & gr. dau's Elizabeth and Rebecca of Thomas, and gr. son Peleg Hall Peckham.

Potter. James of Middletown Guardian of Ichabod Potter of Ichabod, Nov. 10, 1738.

(to be continued)

Queries.

5464. RIDER, SHERMAN—Wanted, information referring to Wm. Rider, son of John Rider of Newport, whose wife was Sarah. Their children (John and Sarah's) were: Thomas (b. June 22, 1706; Elizabeth b. Feb. 10, 1708; John b. Aug. 26, 1710; Sarah b. Aug. 8, 1713;

William b. Mar. 25, 1715. William was a Revolutionary soldier, and died on board the Maidstone Frigate, a prisoner of war.

His wife was Mary Sherman. I would like to find the ancestry of John Rider, who his wife was, and Mary Sherman's lineage.—J. B.

5465. PAINE, ROGERS—Thomas Rogers, son of James R. and Zephiah Woodmansee, married by Justice Samuel Wilbur, Oct. 3, 1734, at Westbury, R. I. James, father of Thomas, died at Providence, April 4, 1719. Zephiah Woodmansee was daughter of Joseph, son of Joseph. James Rogers was the son of Lieutenant Joseph R. and Mary Paine, married Jan. 11, 1690-71. Who were the parents of Lieutenant Joseph Rogers, and of Mary Paine?—H. M.

5466. LLOYD—I found in Academics helpful data concerning the pioneers of the "Northern district." Can anyone give ancestry of Thomas Lloyd of Rhode Island, who married Sarah Jane—of Liverpool, N. S.? Their son, John, was born May 18, 1803, and married Martha Pierce, daughter of James Pierce, Sable River, N. S., and Martha Hewitt, Green Harbor, N. S.—E. E.

5467. SHERMAN—My ancestor was Isabel Sherman, (Philip, Philip, Samuel, Philip), birth and death records wanted, married (—?) Peleg Barber (Thomas, Thomas, Moses), born 1755, in Exeter, R. I., died Sharon Springs, N. Y., 1837? 1834 was granted a pension for service in the American Revolution. His body lies in an orchard on a farm that was his. The grave stone has been broken off, removed, and the land ploughed, so all trace of the grave is obliterated. I have a letter resembling copper-plate, dated Newport, R. I., March 17, 1812, written by Rebecca Sherman, a cousin of Experience Barber, daughter of the above Peleg. She mentions Aunt Alice, cousin Elijah Sherman, daughter Martha, father and mother, Sarah (Sally Sherman). Whose daughter was Rebecca Sherman?—P. B.

5468. PECKHAM—Robert Peckham, born—, died—, married Temperance, born Stonington, Conn., May 1, 1765, daughter of Samuel and Grace (Babcock) Plumb. Their daughter Mary, born Nov. 20, 1783, married at Hopkinton, R. I., Feb. 16, 1834, Dr. Amos Collins, born Feb. 20, 1713, died Stonington, Conn. "Mary buried on her father's farm." (Collins Genealogy.) Who were the parents of said Robert Peckham?—P. B.

5469. HOSIE YALLALEE, SHERMAN—Can any one give me data concerning Elizabeth (Betsey) Hosie, who married Rev. Robert Yallalee. She is said to have been related to Francis Stocum who was stolen by the Indians from the Wyoming Valley. The Stocum, Hosie and Sherman families of Rhode Island were so much intermarried that I hope someone has the Sherman line that includes Betsey Hosie, and will tell me who her parents were, and when and where she was born, and married to Rev. Robert Yallalee.—J. J.

5470. NORTON, KEEN—Peter Norton, son of Shubael and Sarah (Keen) Norton, was born Jan. 12, 1724-5, at Bristol, R. I. Was he the Peter Norton who married Oct. 7, 1704, at Bristol, R. I. Mrs. Hannah Norton, and had she been previously married? If so, to whom? Did he die June, 1750? Was it his widow Hannah who married second, Joshua Dicknell, Esq., of Warren, R. I., Sept. 10, 1763? Was Sarah Keen a widow when she married Captain Shubael Norton, July 4, 1723?—B. L.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent).

At the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange Irving W. Patterson of Providence, Chief Engineer of the State Board of Public Roads gave an interesting and instructive talk upon the building and maintenance of public highways, also the latest up to date methods and machinery used. Mr. Patterson was introduced by Worthy Master Nicholson who spoke briefly. The lecture lasted two hours. During the last hour, 87 slides were cast on a screen by 10 screen by George Henderson, head surveyor and chief draftsman, who accompanied Mr. Patterson. The pictures were mainly of the West and South, although some were from Rhode Island, one taken on the East Main Road in Middletown being instantly recognized. The problem of today seems to be to find a form of road construction that will stand both travel by vehicles and by motors, for the wear by horses shoes is vastly different from that of tires although the tonnage of motor trucks and their loads is one of the biggest factors to be considered. This was the first time the stereopticon had been used in connection with the lecture. The party, which comprised also Abram L. Atwood, of the State Board of Public Roads, came in a big Packard from Providence and returned the same evening. As the meeting was open to the public, there were in the audience Newport's new street commissioner, J. F. Sullivan, his assistant, Julius Burdick, City Engineer R. J. Easton, and a number of other prominent men, and the past and present councilmen of Middletown and a number of the road overseers.

All social events for the week have been postponed owing to the continual storms. The supper at Holy Cross Guild House Wednesday had but a small attendance.

Mr. Crawford P. Hart, son of Mr. and Mrs. William V. Hart and a graduate of Kingston College, left Monday for Lakeville, Conn., to become one of the instructors, in the department of agriculture, at the private agricultural school of Francis B. Riggs. The school, which is comparatively new, will not open for students until September, but Mr. Hart's duties as the school agriculturist begin at once. Mr. Hart's wife and young daughter, also Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Hart's mother, will spend a portion of February in Middletown, until their apartments at the School are in readiness.

The members of St. Columba's Guild have begun upon their annual work for St. Mary's Orphanage, Providence, and are to contribute their usual gift of sleeve aprons near Easter. They have recently received grateful acknowledgment from St. Agnes House, Tennessee City, Tenn., of a mission box sent them. As books are greatly needed there also, good reading matter will be secured throughout the Berkeley parish and a second box forwarded as soon as possible. Mrs. George T. ... is read has had the care of the mission and arrangements for the same, and will receive donations.

Mrs. Nathan Smith of 3d Beach road, who is undergoing treatment at the

Price Counts

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Newport Hospital, underwent a successful operation on last Friday. She was remembered this week by a handsome bouquet of flowers from the parish of the Berkeley Chapel.

Rev. John B. Diman continues to gain slowly but has only been permitted to sit up in bed for short periods.

Aquidneck Grange is planning a Leap Year party for its regular meeting on Thursday evening next. Miss Marie Vameck will be in charge.

The annual bazaar of St. Mary's choir will be held this year at St. Mary's rectory, on next Thursday. A chowder supper will be served from 5.30 to 8 o'clock, with Mrs. L. Lincoln Sherman as chairman of the supper arrangements.

The preacher at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, on Sunday morning was Rev. Dr. Arthur Dring, Educational secretary of the New York Board of Missions, who spoke on the "Science of Salvation." Dr. Dring was the guest of Mr. George Gordon King, President of the Board of Missions.

"Snoring, my dear, is the sign of an easy conscience."

"Hobby, there are times when I wish you weren't so contented with your past career."—Detroit Free Press.

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See for Booklet

STORER F. CRAFTS, Gen. Mgr.

Mind is superior to matter, if there is nothing much the matter.—New York Sun.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, R. I. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT of Habeas Corpus, Number 1852, issued out of the District Court of the 1st Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, the undersigned, Sheriff of said County, do hereby return to said Court, in obedience to said writ, the said John Stinson, alias John Doe, against John Stinson, alias John Doe, of the Town of Tiverton, in said County of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock A. M. in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northernly by Hilton Street, 100 feet; Easternly by the former of William B. M. Chase and George N. Dimes, 123 feet; Southernly by land formerly of Abigail Chase, deceased, 100 feet; and Westernly by the former of Henry Baskin 100 feet, and containing 2.00 square rods, be all of the said piece, more or less, and have delivered to the said John Stinson, alias John Doe, the same, and the same may be bounded or described as follows:

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said land and improvements thereon, at public auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, on the 15th day of February, A. D. 1916, at 10 o'clock A. M. the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if any, shall be paid.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Private Court of the City of Newport,
January 18th, 1916.

Estate of James F. Egan.

JOHN J. KILIAN, Guardian of the person and estate of James F. Egan, of full age, of said Newport, do hereby return to said Court, representing that said land is real and unencumbered certain Real Estate situate in said Newport, being an undivided one-half interest in a lot situated in the parish of said City of Newport, bounded by the former of Jacob and Margaret Keane, 45 feet; Northernly by an open way or court running easterly from Hilton Street, known as Green Place, 45 feet, containing about 1850 square feet and praying for reason thereof, that he may be authorized and empowered to sell said land, interest in said Real Estate at public auction, or private sale, for the purpose of paying the debt of said ward, for the support of said ward, and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale and to pay out of the same and referred to the fourteenth day of February next at ten o'clock A. M. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration and if it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

Office of Probate Clerk, Town of New
Shoreham, R. I., January 27, 1916.

Estate of Christopher B. Champlin.

JOHANNAH H. CHAMPLIN, widow of Christopher B. Champlin, late of New Shoreham, deceased, do hereby return to said Court, representing that said land is real and unencumbered certain Real Estate situate in said Newport, being an undivided one-half interest in a lot situated in the parish of said City of Newport, bounded by the former of Jacob and Margaret Keane, 45 feet; Northernly by an open way or court running easterly from Hilton Street, known as Green Place, 45 feet, containing about 1850 square feet and praying for reason thereof, that he may be authorized and empowered to sell said land, interest in said Real Estate at public auction, or private sale, for the purpose of paying the debt of said ward, for the support of said ward, and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale and to pay out of the same and referred to the fourteenth day of February next at ten o'clock A. M. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration and if it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

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